THE
NATION

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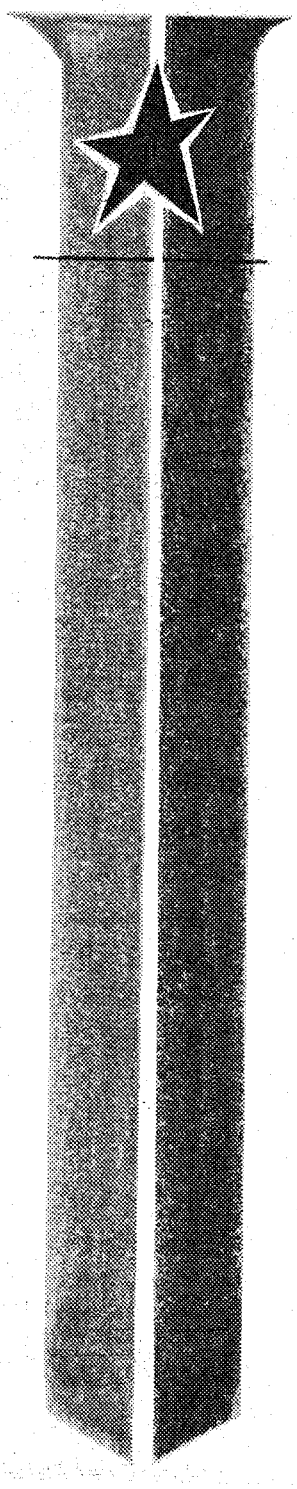

Pie in the Sky

Scramble for the Space Dollar

Carl Dreher

SQUAW VALLEY SNOW JOB

Richard Meister

SUGAR AND SYMPATHY

Congress, Castro and Quotas

Boris C. Swerling

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LETTERS

New Look at Castro

Dear Sirs: Congratulations on the fine job on "Castro's Cuba," by Robert Taber, in your issue of January 23. It is the greatest article of your many recent greats.

PRESS BROWN

Long Beach, Calif.

Dear Sirs: Mr. Taber's article on Cuba was splendid! It does, it does indeed, put the whole story in focus, and with remarkable skill and control—although more perhaps could have been said about the extraordinary character of Castro and his associates.

WALDO FRANK

New York City

Mr. Vidal's Achievement

Dear Sirs: Book reviewing is about as much of an art these days as advertising. But Gore Vidal's review in the January 2 issue of *The Nation* was an honorable—indeed a memorable—exception. Besides attracting the reader with his own evident literary ability, Mr. Vidal engaged the reader's interest in the book under review, the author of the book, and the reviewer himself. I do not mean to imply that book reviewing should become a vehicle for autobiography, but, on the other hand, there is no reason why a review should leave the reader with the impression that it has been untouched by human hand—or heart. Other reviewers—*Nation* reviewers not excepted—would do well to study Mr. Vidal's achievement.

R. D. LAKIN
Kansas State College

Pittsburg, Kan.

Seminar on Latin America

Dear Sirs: Readers who have followed with appreciation your frequent perceptive articles on Latin America will be interested in an important conference on "A New Look at Latin America" to be held in Cambridge, Mass., February 19 and 20. Among those participating will be Carleton Beals, long-time authority in this field and a contributor to *The Nation;* Lincoln Gordon, professor of International Economic Relations at Harvard and a member of the Ford Foundation Mission to Latin America in 1959; Charles Griffin, of Vassar College, authority on the social and cultural history of Latin America; Congressman Charles O. Porter of Oregon, and Ambassador Vicente Sanchez Gavito, representative from Mexico to the Organization of American States.

We would be happy to send a detailed program of the conference to anyone writing us at P.O. Box 247, Cambridge 38, Mass. Registration for adults is $3.00; for students, $1.50.

RUSSELL JOHNSON
Peace Education Secretary
American Friends Service Committee

Moment of Truth

Dear Sirs: J. David Singer's article, "Surprise Attack: Fear Could Pull the Trigger," in your issue of January 30, struck me as so true and important that I would like very much to obtain reprints to distribute among my friends.

WALTON H. CRAIG

Jamaica, N.Y.

Extra copies of the issue containing Mr. Singer's article are available at moderate cost. Requests should be addressed to The Nation.—ED.

The Cause Is Just

Dear Sirs: The New York Committee to Abolish Capital Punishment will be in the midst of the fight to get bills against capital punishment passed by the New York State Legislature this year. We are hampered by lack of funds, among other things. New members and/or contributions are always welcome. Since we do not have tax-exempt status, we must rely on relatively small contributions from as many people as we can reach.

Information can be obtained at and contributions mailed to: New York Committee to Abolish Capital Punishment, 2 West 64th Street, New York 23, N.Y.

JAMES B. OSGOOD, Secretary

Wrong Question

Dear Sirs: David Cort, in his "In Search of Athens, U.S.A." (Jan. 23 issue) lists the twenty colleges and universities most successful in preparing students to get advance degrees in science.

Mr. Cort belittles this criterion of their candidacy for the academic Acropolis because "not one Ivy League school is on the entire list." I happen to teach mathematics at one of the colleges so unceremoniously ditched. My conviction is that the logical question suggested by the facts is "Are the Ivy League schools doing their share in producing scientists?" and not "Is this a fair criterion?"

The author seems to place great stock in the number of books in Ivy libraries. I suggest that in addition Mr. Cort should find out how many are actually read and digested by Ivy League students.

I would suggest that perhaps a disproportionate number of Ivy League undergraduates have drifted into the fields of stock manipulation and Madison Avenue sloganeering—but all too few into the fields of basic science, engineering and moral philosophy.

C. E. DENNY
Central College

Fayette, Mo.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1960
VOLUME 190, No. 7

THE NATION

EDITORIALS

Eisenhower and Other Generals

General Eisenhower is the ninth general to occupy the Presidential office, and probably the first to encounter recurrent difficulties with his military brethren. During his predecessors' terms, the country's defense was not a major or continuing problem. In other countries the military have constituted a more dangerous force: aside from Latin America, in France General de Gaulle has had his difficulties with the Army, and the end is not yet. It may well be that President Eisenhower's successors will also be under the necessity of carrying on a running controversy with disaffected officers.

The President has not gone out of his way to court trouble; on the contrary, he tried hard to avoid it. Mr. Truman's Joint Chiefs of Staff, headed by General Omar N. Bradley, had become obnoxious to certain leading Republicans, in particular Senator Robert A. Taft. Senator Taft did not precisely appoint the new Joint Chiefs, but the list was submitted to him and he approved the appointees. In this manner President Eisenhower showed his awareness of the mischief inherent in an enormous military budget, the classic insatiability of admirals and generals, and the alliances that are inevitably formed between dissatisfied commanders and Congressional partisans.

Admiral Arthur W. Radford became head of the new Joint Chiefs, and General Matthew B. Ridgway represented the Army. Within two years, General Ridgway was beating his breast before Congressional committees and crying that General Eisenhower's manpower cuts jeopardized national security. When the President persisted in his course (which, by special divine dispensation, has not brought about the predicted disaster), General Ridgway resigned and wrote *Soldier*. He made a charge which has since become familiar through reiteration — that not military considerations, but economic and political ones, dominate Executive policy in regard to the country's security. Less than three years later, Lt. Gen. James M. Gavin, the Army's chief of research, likewise resigned in protest against Administration policy and likewise vented his patriotic fears in print: his book was called *War and Peace in the Space Age*.

In the meantime, General Eisenhower had appointed Gen. Maxwell D. Taylor as Army Chief of Staff, possibly in the hope that a scholarly general might be less precipitate in his reactions. The hope, if such it was, proved vain; General Taylor's book, *The Uncertain Trumpet*, is even now vying with works on the woes of the suburbs and the proper feeding of dogs. Still more topically, Maj. Gen. John M. Medaris, commander of the Army Ordnance Missile Command, has just resigned, amid the tears of the former German rocket scientists who served under him, and everybody takes it for granted that in due course of time *he* will blast General Eisenhower with yet another book. Nor are future candidates for auctorial laurels lacking. Generals Thomas D. White, Thomas S. Power and Bernard A. Schriever, all of the Air Force, are standing in line.

It does not seem, however, that our Army, Navy and Air Force will ever be as much of a pain in the body politic as the Army alone has been in France. At any rate, General Eisenhower has done his best to avert such an affliction. He has met all comers, defeated each in turn, and perhaps not even read their books with the care they deserve. It is a good augury for the future of democracy.

The Mysterious M. de Gaulle

Paris

The Fascist insurrection at Algiers petered out almost as suddenly as it had started, with several of the insurgent leaders brought to Paris and interned in Santé prison. How did it all happen so quickly? Some reasons are clear; others less so. The clear reasons: the insurrection had aroused French metropolitan opinion much more effectively than it had done in May, 1958, when the issue had been complicated by de Gaulle himself. Secondly—and most important—the Moslem population of Algeria absolutely refused to have anything to do with the revolt, and the conscript part of the French Algerian forces was, in the main, hostile to it.

But why did the professional soldiers, who had fraternized with the insurgents, finally "rally to de Gaulle"? Perhaps the answer lies in de Gaulle's broadcast of Jan. 29, in which he made two concessions to the Army: (1) he promised that there would be no political discussions with the leaders of the Algerian rebels, and (2) the voting on Algerian self-determination would be supervised by the Army. Do these promises mean that

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the projected Algerian referendum will prove to be a farce like the Algerian elections in the fall of 1958?

Such questions trouble forward-looking French opinion. And de Gaulle's assumption of plenary powers adds to the vexing nature of developments. It has been suggested, in behalf of de Gaulle, that he needs the powers because a really big Fascist plot was originally planned for April, and that the Algerian uprising was a premature manifestation; thus, it is said, the President's objective is to purge the Army and his administration of all involved in the projected April insurrection. But if de Gaulle has asked for what amounts to dictatorial powers to clean up the Right, why, during the week of the insurrection, did his government seize not only several Fascist journals, but also a number of left-wing newspapers which had opposed the *ultras*?

In general, the Left supported de Gaulle as the defender of France against the open Fascist revolt of the Algerian *ultras*. As a defender of true democracy in metropolitan France, and of the policy of genuine self-determination in Algeria, French liberals remain suspicious of him.—ALEXANDER WERTH.

Certain Allies, Such As . . .

Last summer *The Nation* [issues of July 4 and July 18, 1959] demurred editorially against the proposed agreements to furnish nuclear information and materials to West Germany and other NATO countries. Seven Representatives likewise demurred, with their votes, and some forty others abstained from voting. The bill passed, of course; anything that is touted as contributing to national security is a sure thing in Congress. Thus another link was added to the long chain of hypocrisy and subterfuge with which this Administration and its predecessors have handled the problem of furnishing nuclear weapons to our allies. At the outset, in the face of all technological experience, Congress in its collective wisdom held that nuclear know-how must remain forever American: not a word was to be breathed to even our closest ally, Britain.

But incredibly, the Russians came up with atomic weapons on their own and even beat us in the race for a transportable thermonuclear weapon. Once more the Congress drew on its statesmanlike resources and agreed to share certain "secrets" with countries that already had nuclear capability, i.e., Great Britain. Next the circle of the elect was enlarged to all of NATO, but only as far as information was concerned. Congress decreed that the weapons themselves, though based on foreign soil, were not to leave American hands.

The military absurdity of a law which ostensibly kept the warheads, which might be needed in fifteen minutes, in a kind of safe deposit vault, at length became evident. Now the Administration proposes that we give to "certain allies" such nuclear weapons as are already possessed by the Soviet Union. Thus the military pressures have prevailed, but the hypocrisy remains. Britain of course would receive the nuclear arsenal — *de facto* she already has it. The newspapers also point out that the proposed change in the law would enable the United States to supply France with nuclear information and weapons, thus placating General de Gaulle. They even mention the likelihood that nuclear missiles will be placed in the custody of Turkey and Italy, which have shown such warm hospitality toward our IRBM installations. But, from newspaper comment, no one would ever suspect that West Germany is in line not only for American nuclear assistance, but in the not distant future for a nuclear industry of its own. It is a German proverb that he who says A, must say B. The godly West Germans, the "dike against Bolshevism" as Mr. Adenauer calls them, will be among the "certain allies" to whom we will give our nuclear all.

Speak Out, Men!

A score of independent-minded Americans appeared briefly last month on a British commercial television program called "We Dissent." The views of these Americans—the group included Norman Mailer, Robert Hutchins, Alger Hiss, J. Kenneth Galbraith, Dalton Trumbo, Jules Feiffer, Norman Thomas, Mort Sahl, C. Wright Mills—were taped by Kenneth Tynan on a recent cross-country trip.

The stunt was clever journalism, and excited the English, who have been taught that dissent has all but disappeared from the United States. Unfortunately, the statements made by these self-styled mavericks will do little to change that view. Almost without exception, they employed the time given them not to dissent, but to complain that the opportunity and courage for dissent have vanished from the American scene.

Here at home, this is not news. There perhaps has never been a time in this country when more men and women have arisen in public to protest against the absence of protest in the society around them. Far from there being no voice of dissent, it sometimes sounds as though that voice were outcrying all the others. But for the most part it is just crying.

Men of the stamp of those whom Tynan interviewed do not lack courage, and there is little substance to the complaint that there is no platform for their views. This magazine will accommodate them, for example, and there are a dozen others that will do the same. There are radio stations that will air their voices and newspapers that will quote their statements. But these outlets, they will complain, are not the channels of mass communication, they do not command the believing millions held in thrall by the Luce complex and the television networks. Of course not. Dissent is not a mass phenomenon—there is no such thing as a *nation*

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of dissenters—and our protesting prophets have themselves been caught in the fallacy that the only success is a high Hooper rating. In fact, our minority today is as noisy as any, and brilliantly successful at spreading the news that the truth is going unspoken. Now that we are listening, what is it that cries to be said?

Show of the Week

The show of the week — in politics, that is — was unquestionably a high comedy entitled "Watch on the Hudson," starring Mayor Robert F. Wagner of New York, supported by sundry bit players, script by aides unknown. With scandals bursting to the right of him, and to the left of him, in fact all about him, the intrepid Mayor — characterized by *Fortune* in its current special issue on New York as "an amiable, well-informed, and hard-working (if somewhat disorganized) executive" — has at long last provided New Yorkers with a rationale for the city's "shame." And it must be admitted that the Mayor and his aides have come up with a nifty. The "shame" of New York, a special city committee on corruption gravely assures Mr. Wagner, is attributable to "the age-old and ever-present possibility of corrupt alliances between members of the public and city employees" (no intermediaries are mentioned). The Mayor's committee is "firmly convinced" that if New York's eight million citizens would cease to offer bribes to municipal employees, "corruption could be stamped out in short order." It is as hard to quarrel with this so-gravely-put proposition as it was to dissent from Mr. Coolidge's dictum: "When large numbers of men are out of work, unemployment results."

But the Mayor must realize that the rationale offered by his committee can only strike the average citizen as being extremely droll. For if Mr. Wagner wanted to guard against the recurrent scandals which are making a shambles of his second administration, he should first of all liberate himself from the python grip of a wildly corrupt Democratic political machine known to the average citizen, if not to him, as Tammany Hall. It would not, of course, be an easy task, but he could make a start by simply demanding the resignation of Carmine De Sapio as Democratic leader.

SCRAMBLE FOR THE SPACE DOLLAR

PIE IN THE SKY . . *by Carl Dreher*

With this article Carl Dreher, an engineer by profession before he turned to writing, continues his survey for The Nation *of the political and social implications of the technological-arms race (see* The Nation *for Nov. 16, 1957; Feb. 1, 1958; Sept. 6, 1958; Dec. 13, 1958; May 9, 1959; June 20, 1959). — Ed.*

THE Aerospace Industries Association represents, in its own words, "the designers, developers and manufacturers of aircraft, spacecraft, their propulsion, navigational and guidance systems and their components." This takes in practically everything needed to get around the galaxy, whereas only a year ago they modestly called themselves the Aircraft Industries Association and, even more modestly, "tin knockers." The primary reason for the transformation is that in 1959 the government spent about $11 billion for aircraft, missiles and spacecraft; in 1960 it will spend about the same, but aircraft will be about a billion less and missiles and spacecraft about a billion more.

A billion, though only 2.2 per cent of the defense budget, is still a bit of money and, shifted this way or that, can spell prosperity for one company, distress for another, with corresponding gyrations in careers and livelihoods. In space, however, the opportunities are magnificent and easily outweigh any temporary inconvenience or hardship, especially when endured by others. The opportunities will not be overlooked and if the Eisenhower Administration expects to hold the line on that $41 billion (really $45 billion) defense budget, it had better be prepared for a stepped-up barrage from the aerospace industry and its coadjutors in the services (especially the Air Force) and, of course, from the Democrats.

A few preliminary shots have already been fired. On December 21, 1959, Richard Witkin, *The New York Times*' technological scout, decried the notion that space exploration was a matter of national prestige rather than military urgency. In a dissertation decorated with the handsome features of the Air Force's most photographed officer, Lieut. Gen. Bernard A. Schriever, Witkin described Project Midas, for which the Air Force holds out high hopes. Midas is an infra-red or heat-ray detector carried into a 1,600-mile orbit by a Discoverer rocket. Once aloft and "rotating anxiously in space," the detector, it is hoped, will pick up the exhaust of a Soviet rocket a minute or so after it leaves the pad. By means of an array of other instruments, it will transmit this information to a ground station, and also give a rough idea of where the missile is headed, so that our newest and most powerful radars ($400 million apiece when they are operational in 1962) will be able to find and track it. The President of the United States will then have "precious time to study the situation and decide what to do"—twenty-nine minutes, not allowing for time elapsing be-

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tween Midas' pick-up and getting the President's attention in Washington, Augusta, Paris or Moscow, or wherever he may be. Still, twenty-nine minutes is better than the fifteen minutes' warning of the unassisted long-range radar, and should be worth a few hundred extra millions.

Two weeks later (January 5, 1960), the same reporter made the front page of the *Times* with Project Samos, a happy combination of provocation and profit. Instead of waiting for the Soviets to launch missiles at us, Samos carries the reconnaissance war to the Soviets. Rotating in a polar orbit, camera-carrying satellites will crisscross the Soviet Union, taking pictures which will be ejected from orbit in capsules and perhaps be recovered. Thus, with a certain amount of luck, the United States will have photographs of all Soviet rocket installations (at least of those they haven't buried or camouflaged). Witkin relays the complaint of "alarmed high-level planners" that the program is being retarded by what seems to retard all space programs—lack of funds. Only $300 million will have been spent on Samos when the 1960 fiscal year ends on June 30.

Both Midas and Samos are Lockheed projects. Convair has not been favored with such breaks from the *Times* but, under government contract, is planning an as yet unchristened system which, if anything can stagger the modern imagination, will surely stagger it. Where Midas and Samos contemplate a dozen or so satellites to do their modest little job, Convair is thinking in terms of 500, and not just "recon" satellites either. Some or all will be prepared to deal summarily with Soviet missiles, instead of keeping the President on five-minute alert. The alternative functions for these self-assertive satellites will be "confusion capability" (also known as "spoofing") and "destruction capability." A satellite (or missile) endowed with "confusion capability" emits signals calculated to deceive the hostile missile's guidance system and deflect it from its target. (Of course, the hostile missile is likewise sowing confusion.) "Destruction capability" involves arming the satellite with a missile of its own with which to bring down the Soviet missile, presumably by infra-red homing on the rocket exhaust. The satellite itself might be hydrogen war-headed to make a Kamikaze-like attack on the enemy missile. This type of defense is under a $600,000 "detailed study" contract by the Radio Corporation of America. It may be that by 1965, the hopeful target date for these marvels, the Russians will have ICBMs that will fly a zigzag course, or veer from the ballistic path predicted by radar. But sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.

Moonstruck Missiles

ALL THESE are earthbound schemes and rather too conservative for the more advanced conquistadors of space. For some years the Air Force has been planning to establish a manned missile base on the moon. Recently its director of advanced technology, Brig. Gen. Homer A. Boushey, declared that the United States must own the moon because, being "high ground," it dominates the earth. He pointed out that from the moon missiles could be launched (once you were up there with the necessary equipment) with only 20 per cent of the thrust required on the earth. The moon garrison would then track and guide the missile to its earthly target. Possible complications can be envisioned, but these don't faze the aerospace industry, which tends to like an idea in direct proportion to its potential complexities.

Not all the experts are as sanguine about the military potentialities of space as Generals Schriever and Boushey and the well-publicized scientists and engineers of the aerospace corporations. There is a certain amount of silent skepticism, even in the Air Force and among Air Force suppliers. It seems unlikely that the Russian recipients of Boushey's moon-to-earth projectiles (or we, should the Russians get there first—which is unfortunately conceivable on the basis of cislunar and translunar navigation to date) will wait patiently for the monster to descend on them. The warning time will be much greater than Midas' twenty-nine minutes, and Mr. Khrushchev, or his successor, or Mr. Eisenhower's successor, will be able to confer with his technical advisers in rather leisurely fashion. As the projectile leaves the vicinity of the moon and approaches the earth, it will become ever more difficult for the moon-based garrison to give it effective guidance; conversely, it will become easier for their earth-based opponents to take countermeasures. The latter might even be able to deflect the missile from its original target and plump it down on the country which had sent its scientists and astronauts all the way to the moon to launch it. Such a diversion might convey a valuable moral lesson to all concerned.

Directly contrary to an impression which appears to be gaining currency, time and space have not been annihilated. If one wishes to strike a spot on the earth and another spot on the earth is available for firing, why, at great expense, effort and risk, go out into space? Suppose we reverse the sequence—assume that the earth has been bombed heretofore only from space ships or the moon, and means were devised for using the earth itself as a base. Would it not be hailed as a great improvement, as superior as nuclear explosives over TNT? If General Boushey did it, his place in military annals might be more secure than it appears to be on the basis of his present contributions.

Vice Admiral John T. Hayward, the chief of naval research and development, exemplifies this anti-space attitude. "Who's kidding whom?" he asks. "Space is a place, not a program! What is the military interest in great rockets and huge boosters? What do you do after you get there? What is the need for such a 'way-out' military space program if we can do better close to earth? Before there can be any real military mission in space, it must be proved the job can be done better than in the atmosphere."

Spaceman's Troubles

MEN ARE going into space, but it does seem that the first ones to get there will have their hands full to keep themselves alive and observe what is observable, with instruments and their unaided senses. They will not control space, launch bombs, or engage in any of the noble destruc-

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tive activities dear to the military soul. Combat in space is conceivable; in human affairs no folly is ruled out. But the odds against this particular folly are long, at least in the calculable future. Combat, like love, requires a certain margin of safety before it can be essayed. First the environment must be mastered, and this particular environment is only in the study stage.

Clumsy Vehicles

AMONG civilian skeptics on the utility of space vehicles for bombing are the eighteen members of the President's Science Advisory Committee, headed by Dr. James R. Killian, who discussed the subject in an *Introduction to Outer Space*, issued on March 26, 1958. The committee granted that unforeseeable military applications might be developed, but concluded that satellite and moon-based bombers were "clumsy and ineffective ways" of doing the job. It is impossible to "drop" a bomb from a satellite; since the satellite is itself falling (orbiting is a form of falling), the bomb will simply travel with it and, if detonated, will blow up the satellite. One must propel the bomb away from the satellite into a path which will lead it to the target. But this requires a large amount of propellent, which means a bigger booster to get the satellite and bomb into orbit, and far higher accuracy of aim than the most sophisticated controls now available can provide. For similar inconvenient physical reasons, embodied in Newton's laws of motion, a satellite, tearing along at five miles per second, is one of the least maneuverable vehicles conceivable. Prof. S. F. Singer ("The Use and Uselessness of Outer Space," *The Reporter*, June 11, 1959) has calculated that five orbital changes of only 10 degrees each would use up about as much energy as it took to send the satellite into orbit.

But while it is hard to do anything from a satellite and thus to "control" space from such vehicles, it is not as hard to prevent someone else from exercising control, since the satellite itself is quite vulnerable. It moves in a predictable course and is more susceptible to radiation damage than a ground target, because of the absence of an atmosphere. A two-megaton bomb in the vacuum of space, or on the moon, will produce lethal radiation dosage over a sphere of as much as a hundred-mile radius. This alone should give pause to the D'Artagnans of space. A manned satellite, or an enclosure on the moon, must be airtight and the least puncture will disable it. Singer is similarly bearish on the use of satellites for reconnaissance. He points out that camouflage and decoys would be effective against a spy satellite. As for putting men in orbit, the Russians are likely to do it before we can but, whoever does it, the military significance will probably prove to be so slight that it would not be worth while to shoot them down. "Probably," Singer concludes, "man's real function in space is simply to explore the universe he lives in."

Dr. John R. Pierce is director of communications-principles research for Bell Telephone Laboratories. In this department, he deals with radio, electronics, acoustics, vision, mathematics and group behavior. In "The Dream World of Space" (*Stimulus*, Scientific Research Publishing Company, Chicago, 1960), he complains that "when corny and long-disproven fallacies of space travel appear and reappear in seemingly respectable newspapers and journals, no one so much as lifts an eyebrow. Indeed, the way to fame appears to be the propagation of the big error, and a fantastic story suffers only from the competition of one still more fantastic." He then takes apart space travel at the speed of light, which is discussed in some of the trade papers as if it were just around the corner, and a few other pop-eyed projects. He doesn't think much of manned space vehicles either. Even modern manned aircraft travel so fast that a pilot can't detect, much less shoot down, an enemy aircraft without the most elaborate electronic aids. But these vehicles are slow compared with spacecraft. In space, ultra-advanced guidance, beyond anything we now have, will be necessary just to get from one place to another. "All we need to louse things up completely," Pierce suggests, "is a skilled space pilot with his hands itching for the controls."

The real need, in Pierce's estimation, is improvement in the reliability of conventional intercontinental missiles. Even if they are as accurate as President Eisenhower says the Atlas is, their failure rate is terrible and that is what the engineers should be working on. "From a military point of view," Pierce asks, "who wouldn't give away all the rest of space if only he could have twice as many reliable intercontinental missiles as any potential enemy?"

At the American Rocket Society's convention in November, 1959, G. P. Sutton, chief scientist of the Advanced Research Products Agency, suggested that the Soviet military space effort might be only a very minor one. He noted that the Russians had not launched any satellites since May 1958, that they had little need for spy, reconnaissance or communications satellites, and that they would probably concentrate on "scientific exploration and the psychological-political effects that accompany new space achievements." For our part, therefore, "military space vehicles should not be as urgent as intercontinental ballistic missiles, Polaris submarines or new anti-tank weapons."

The Aerospace 'Personality'

YET THE warnings of national ruin if we don't beat the Russians into space grow louder and louder. Congress is in session and the public, being told over and over again that it has reason to be agitated, may finally supply the popular demand for all-out spending which the aerospace industry yearns for. We have seen that scientific opinion is divided, to say the least, on the military value of space exploration, but nothing critical ever filters down to the public. It is time, then, to ask some questions. What were the space salesmen of today saying and doing five, ten years ago? If their prescience is so great, why are we behind in space? Why is there a "missile gap," not only the publicized one in ICBMs, but at all ranges? According to the noted military commentator, Brig. Gen. Thomas R. Phillips, U.S.A. (Retired), General Lauris Norstad lies sleepless at night because the Russians "have hundreds of [400-1,100 mile] missiles zeroed in on NATO's bases, troop concentrations and infrastructure

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facilities," while Norstad has nothing to fire back with. Why? Where did the money go—over $38 billion on missile projects since World War II? How much credence should we give to the fantasies, prophecies and extrapolations of Air Force and aerospace spokesmen, when these conditions must be at least partly the fault of organizations that are still charged with responsibility for the expenditure of enormous sums and the incurring of grandiose risks?

These are not rhetorical questions, nor are they unanswerable. When one studies the record, one begins to see that the aerospace personality, so to speak, has marked schizoid tendencies, with part of it taking off into the science-fiction realm and another part clinging to the techniques of the past. They profit both ways. Their earnings would be less if they confined themselves to the possible and phased out faster on the obsolescent. Admittedly, the choices are not always easy, and to stay in the middle ground, in which you are not left behind by the competition on the one hand or indulging in fantasy on the other, requires constant and often painful readjustment. But for this there is no help, nor should this particular field be exempted from the long-accepted standards of scientific technology merely because it is relatively new. A certain level of insight, foresight and probity is required of the professional. Lacking it, he has no title to the name, the honors, distinctions and rewards, and the power to dispose of the lives and fortunes of his countrymen.

One cause of our difficulties is that in the early stages of aerospace development the Air Force and its suppliers bet on the wrong vehicle, the Russians on the right one. The error, per se, may be condoned. Anyone with experience in industry is slow to criticize the technical mistakes of engineers and administrators. He can remember a few of his own, unless—the greatest mistake of all—he never took a chance. All that can be expected of a healthy technology is that it should not persist in its errors.

Yet this is precisely what the aerospace industry has done and, as far as possible, is still doing. At the outset, the principal weight of deterrence was thrown on the manned bomber, partly as a result of an overestimate of Soviet strength in this type of weapon. Nevertheless there were—there are even now—arguments in favor of manned bombers. But then, in the missile field, the Air Force invested heavily in airborne, air-breathing types, such as Navaho and Snark, aptly called "semi-missiles." These had all the faults of the airplane—low speed and vulnerability to interception and anti-aircraft fire—except that, lacking a crew, they were expendable. But here also engineers and administrators have a defense which is at least half-valid. If the air-breathing missile has the demerits of the airplane, it also has its merits: in particular, ability to carry a heavy load. When nuclear bombs were very heavy, the pilotless airplane seemed to be the only answer to the delivery problem. The inexcusable mistake, and the culpability, lay in continuing the development and manufacture of these weapons after it was clear that the bombs could be lightened to such an extent that the ballistic missile would inevitably win out. It had the necessary carrying capacity and a tremendous advantage in speed.

But the aerospace industry, which was then mainly the airplane industry, clung to its aerodynamic techniques and its sure profits (while constantly complaining the profits were too small) and the Air Force played it safe and indulged the industry in its technological lag. Billions of dollars were wasted, and time too, for, as Dr. Pierce says, "Every dollar foolishly spent ties up the time of someone who might be making a contribution to national defense."

Brothers Under the Skin

REMARKING on our tendency to procrastination, General John B. Medaris declares, "We seem to lack faith in the resiliency of our economic system." The underlying truth is more doleful. The manufacture of armaments under the free-enterprise system is a dual-purpose activity, the avowed aim of which is national defense while the unavowed aim is to sustain the free-enterprise economy. Silence cloaks unanimity. Every Senator from an airplane-missile-producing state, every Representative from a district in which a single electronics factory is located, acts as a watchdog for the interests of his constituent corporations and their employees. It makes no difference whether he is liberal or conservative, Republican or Democrat: a contract cancellation is like opening one of his arteries. Likewise, labor and management may fight on other issues, but when it comes to government business they are brothers under the skin. Whether the equipment is useful or useless is not their concern. A plant might be turning out an item which is already being sold as surplus; no matter, it makes work and profits.

A partial explanation of this phenomenon is that everyone assumes that the weapons thus ambivalently produced are intended for use only in the war of test and demonstration which, it is hoped, will by tacit agreement of the contestants be kept from flaring into the war of combat. Thus, when a weapon development fails, it has still been a partial success. As long as its inefficacy remained unproved, it served its turn in the war of test and demonstration, it generated employment and profits, and in almost all cases it reproduced itself in more complex and expensive form before dying. There is no call for the generals, businessmen, legislators and labor-union officials who stayed with it to the end to feel any pangs of remorse, and they don't.

Ride of the Valkyrie

THE CURRENT example of trying to be the last to set the old aside is the B-70, a proposed 2,000 mile-per-hour (Mach 3) bomber which the Air Force had selected to replace its present generation of manned bombers. Like the defunct Navaho, the B-70 was a development of North American Aviation. Never did a nonexistent aircraft enjoy a better press. In 1958, an editor of the *Saturday Evening Post*, after extended briefing by the Strategic Air Command, wrote an article entitled, "Who Says Pilots Are Obsolete?" He asked a subsidiary question, "Does the intercontinental ballistic missile have a future?" and concluded that it did,

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but so did the manned bomber, and in particular the B-70, "the plane that has all SAC men clucking. . . . Here is a bomber so fantastic in concept that mere words cannot do it justice." The words were nevertheless poured out. North American's public-relations department sponsored a contest among SAC officers and airmen at bases all over the world to name the upcoming aircraft, which were to cost, when in production, $50 million apiece. Among 20,235 entries, Valkyrie was finally chosen. Valkyrie continued to get good publicity until she was ungallantly cut back and stretched out by the Department of Defense on December 1, 1959, after $550 million had been appropriated for her (all of which has been, or will be, spent, together with $75 million in fiscal 1961 and probable further funding in later years).

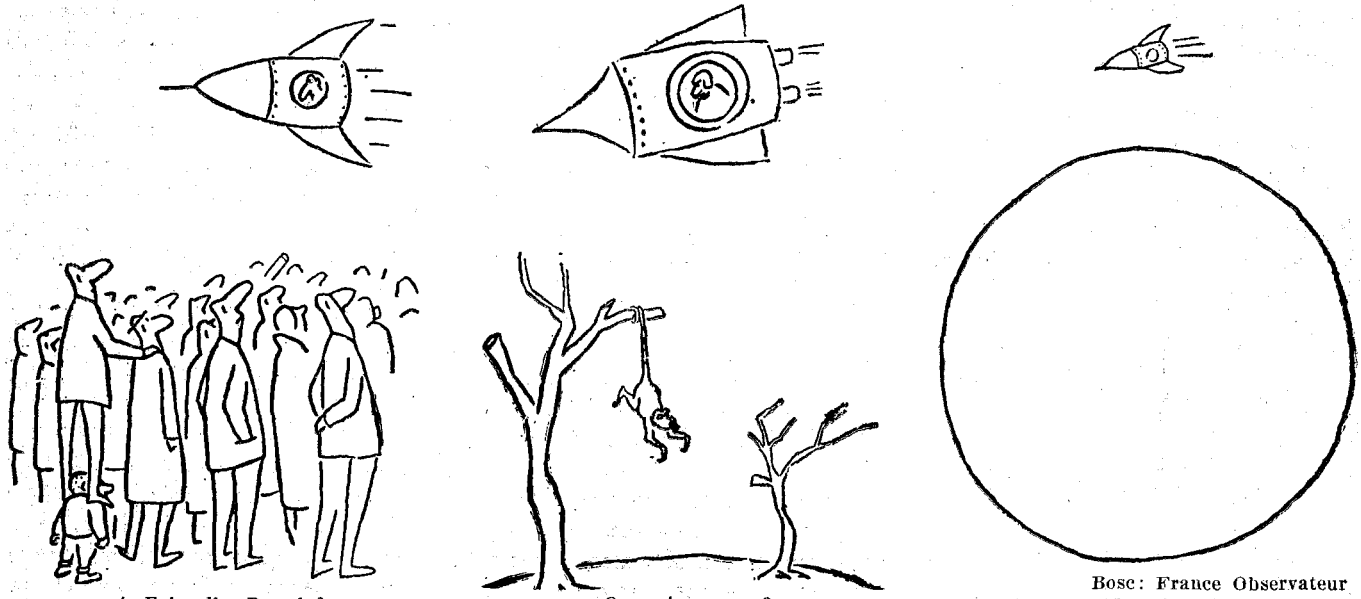
In Pentagon parlance, to "stretch out" a program means that, not daring to cancel it, you keep on spending at a reduced rate. To "cut back" is to reduce the amount of the order which you should have canceled a year or two ago. In Valkyrie's case, the cut-back meant that North American would build two prototypes instead of the thirteen which had been planned. It also meant that North American itself would do much work that had been subcontracted.

Cancellations of something like $100 million followed, with more to come. In Seattle, where Boeing, preparing to build Valkyrie wings under a $200 million subcontract, faced cancellation, Senator Henry M. Jackson issued his usual statement: "This is another example of reducing our security for purely budgetary reasons." California's Senator Clair Engle likewise foresaw "grave consequences for national security." There were repercussions all over the country among major subcontractors and innumerable sub-subcontractors.

But it did not seem that North American, although it immediately released 2,000 employees at its main plant in Hawthorne, California, would suffer too grievously. Its sales in the current fiscal year are expected to top $1 billion, its last-year profit after taxes was almost $31 million, its backlog was over $660 million. Nor did it take the Department of Defense's action very seriously. On Christmas Eve, it ran half-page newspaper advertisements extolling SAC and "SAC's B-70 Valkyrie multipurpose bomber, a 2,000-mph manned weapon system with global striking power." The Air Force and the rest of the industry were likewise skeptical or recalcitrant. General Thomas D. White, Air Force chief of staff, announced his intention of testifying "honestly and according to my convictions" in his forthcoming appearances before Congressional committees. Valkyrie may have life in her yet.

If this aircraft could be operational this year or next, there might be some argument in favor of production, but by 1967, when it might be combat-ready in significant numbers, ballistic missiles will have eclipsed bombers entirely. There is, to be sure, another point on the side of continuing research and, if possible, salvaging the more than half-billion already committed. With some modification, the B-70 will make a Mach 3 airliner capable of carrying eighty passengers from New York to London in about an hour and a half. Very well: if we really have a free-enterprise system, let the airliner be developed by the airline and airplane industries. Of course, we haven't a free-enterprise system: we have a government-subsidized private-profit system, and the aerospace industry has neither the money nor the inclination to embark on an enterprise of this magnitude. Since the transport should be built (the Russians will build one and probably before we do), the necessary funds should be included in the federal budget—and identified for what they are, not camouflaged under military necessity. The accepted practice has been for the aircraft manufacturers to profit by de-

What Will We See When We Reach the Moon?



A Friendly People?

Our Ancestors?

Bosc: France Observateur

Nothing?

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veloping military aircraft at government expense, then to profit again by building them (largely with government financing, tools and materials), then to share in the operational experience gained by these aircraft in military service, then to profit a third time by selling the civilian versions of the same aircraft to the airlines, and to continue to profit by selling spare parts for the entire life cycle of both civil and military versions. This arrangement may no longer be feasible in its full beauty and perfection.

The Lure of Space

NONE THE LESS, the days ahead can be pleasant for the aerospace boys, both in and out of military service. Space projects are a perfect solution for an economy suffering from a deficiency of mass purchasing power and seeking new outlets for capital investment—conditioned, of course, on government sharing without government ownership. Where once military necessity was confined to defense against physical assault, now it takes in technological prestige, of which the present focal point is the space race. The magnitude of space spending is limited, in theory, only by the national resources and the proportion of them the taxpayers refuse to divert from gracious living. If they were patriotic enough, the entire national economy could be reduced to a subsistence level and the balance shot off into space. Unlike terrestrial projects, space has no technological limits. All space projects are difficult and hence expensive. Many border on the impossible and can be realized only by pushing outwards the boundaries of the existing art in computation, propellent chemistry, telecommunications, metallurgy and numerous other technologies. Still other projects, presently in the study stage, may actually be impossible, but they nevertheless have a good chance of getting the green light. Opposition is difficult; in a time of technological frenzy even the normally level-headed individual tends to be frenetic with the others. Everyone agrees that we are trying to pursue too many space projects, but nobody wants to sacrifice his own or to give up any funds. In sum, every space system is a package in which national security, which may be illusory, and profits and careers, which are real, lodge snugly together. To make a dent in a setup of this sort is like trying to cut down a sequoia with a hatchet.

The ordinary rules of business, in which some sort of relationship exists between what you pay and what you get, are irrelevant in the space race. Take the "exotic" fuels. A gallon of petroleum-based jet fuel costs the government about 20 cents. A gallon of some "zip" fuel may deliver 40 per cent more energy. The cost—in quantity production—may be $50 a gallon. The energy yield has been multiplied by a factor of 1.4, the cost by a factor of 250. Yet the government and industry—mostly, of course, the government—have poured hundreds of millions into research on exotic fuels and, given the premises of the arms race—that it is a race for national survival and of good against evil—who will cavil at the expense? Once this belief has been sufficiently drummed into the population, the merchants of space may face the future without fear.

But the country may not fare as well. I am not one of those who are convinced that we must win the space race to survive. If I were, I would be exceedingly pessimistic, for it seems to me that the administrative confusion and general inefficiency which have marked the aerospace program are inherent in the free-enterprise system (as construed by those presently running it) and hence are incurable without a drastic and unlikely overhaul.

The Russians' Troubles

THIS IS not to say that the Russians are invincible and will win every round. They have their troubles, too: never doubt it. But it may well be that for the purpose in hand the defects of their system are less retardative than the defects of ours, and that their virtues are more propulsive than our virtues. Exhortation has very slight effect in such circumstances. The circumstances themselves are not brought sharply into focus, because of the idiotic assumption that the way to preserve the system is never to question its principles or criticize its practices.

A single factor, such as the interaction between profit-motivated suppliers and the military, scientific and administrative government bureaucracy, may in itself constitute a severe handicap. It is no less debilitating when some petty functionary exacts the last ounce of flesh and blood from some small contractor as when the contractor, big or small, succeeds in cutting a corner. When it involves suspicion, ignorance and buck-passing on the part of high-level bureaucrats banded together in interlocked agencies, departments, committees and councils, it is known in the present context as the "space maze." It is said that sixty-one governmental groups are concerned with the space and missiles effort. But there are sound as well as unsound reasons for the tiers of decision-makers and decision-avoiders in the Pentagon. The most able people tend to go into business. If one of them accepts a two-year tour as Secretary of Defense, everyone feels he has done his duty. At lower but still important levels, if a man is third-rate, or merely lacking in specialized knowledge, he necessarily takes more time and needs more corroboration. Nor are the delays entirely unconnected with the fact that the Pentagon is beset, within and without, by the snake-oil salesmen of space, and that a sizable proportion of contractors are prepared to swindle the government at every opportunity and—as the reports of the General Accounting Office attest—often succeed. A cheek-by-jowl relationship between the suppliers and the military men who depend on them for holidays in the Bahamas, sports cars with blonde chauffeurs in Las Vegas, and other perquisites of rank, is even less conducive to efficiency than the obstructive caution and negativism of some government agencies.

Some improvement in the over-all efficiency of aerospace development might be effected by curbing the expansionism of the military, the Air Force in particular. The Air Force was opposed to sharing space with the National Aeronautics and Space Agency and tried to keep so many projects that a spokesman for the National Advisory Council for Aeronautics, NASA's predecessor body, remarked that "the only thing left

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for a civilian agency is the production of butter for the Navy." General Schriever said that a civilian agency should be limited to research and in particular to projects that might be classified as "screwball—long-range non-military projects that the Defense Department might be criticized for attempting." Since, in recent months, NASA has been given more funds and scope, the Air Force is described as increasingly restive under White House directives, and of course it is not without friends in Congress.

Space and Sanity

TO THE EXTENT that we need to have a space program, it should be turned over entirely to NASA, as advocated by Dr. William H. Pickering, director of the California Institute of Technology's Jet Propulsion Laboratories. Since there is no valid reason for a major military space program, the Air Force should not be allowed to undertake one on its own initiative. The Administration has, on the whole, done a good job in controlling the military, but constant vigilance is called for, particularly where the Air Force is concerned. For example, it is reported in the trade press that the Air Force, although it is represented in the inter-service group of astronauts of the NASA Mercury training program, is engaged in training its own group in a parallel program. For its part, the Air Force accuses the Navy of "bleeding out" information on Air Force space projects, such as the Dyna-Soar manned space bomber, with the intention of carrying on a rival program. Maybe so, but the truth is they will all bear watching, and the Air Force not least.

In general, the military are usurpers in the numerous fields of technology in which they have succeeded in establishing themselves. It is as if the state executioner pressed for appointment as head of the state police while continuing to hang or electrocute miscreants. He might conceivably be qualified, but one job is enough. There are many capable and ambitious men in the military services, but if they want to do something else, let them do it in the proper way and place.

At the moment, all the indications are that the best we can hope for in the space race is a draw. It would seem only prudent, therefore, to consider the alternatives. We must not neglect any opportunity to come to terms with the Soviet Union in disarmament negotiations. The only crash program that makes sense is one in the direction of disarmament. One promising avenue of approach would be to try to establish a collaborative relationship between East and West in space exploration and research. The offer of Dr. T. Keith Glennan, head of NASA, to make the United States tracking network available to the Soviet Union for its manned space-flight program—if and when it has one—is a sensible step. The spatial environment is excruciatingly difficult, dangerous and expensive to get into, and even worse to get out of. As to living in it, we have no solid information at all as yet. The astronauts who make the first attempts, whatever their nationality, surely deserve the support of a concerted international effort.

The United Nations General Assembly unanimously adopted a resolution on December 12, 1959, creating a permanent twenty-four-nation committee to encourage and regulate the peaceful uses of outer space. The resolution also authorized an international scientific conference for exchange of "experience," to be held in 1960 or 1961. Such a committee could have been formed a year earlier. The present committee is composed of twelve "Western" nations which were previously appointed to a 1958 *ad hoc* committee, together with the Soviet Union, Poland and Czechoslovakia, and three neutrals, India, the United Arab Republic and Sweden. The Soviet Union demanded four seats instead of three for its bloc, and when this was refused, boycotted the committee. The United Arab Republic and India thereupon also withdrew. After a year, a compromise was reached on the basis of the original three Soviet bloc members plus four others—Albania, Bulgaria, Hungary and Rumania. The neutrals are now five in number, Austria and Lebanon having been added to the original appointees. The twelve "Western" members remain. The West still has a heavy preponderance, since the Soviet bloc can at best achieve a tie vote if all the neutrals vote with it.

Because of the United States' unwillingness to give the Soviet bloc four votes out of a total of nineteen in the *ad hoc* committee, action was stalled for a year. This is an example of how not to behave in the U.N., outer space, or anywhere else. We can no longer rig international committees as if they were quiz shows.

Outside the U.N. there is a newly formed body composed of representatives of national scientific groups. Its purpose is to co-ordinate the exploration of outer space. Known as the Committee on Space Research (COSPAR), it is a successor to the International Council of Scientific Unions, which sponsored the International Geophysical Year. It was first set up in November, 1958, but the Soviet Union demurred at its representation of a single seat among a total of sixteen. A compromise was finally arranged on the basis of an executive bureau with six members, three from the Soviet bloc and three from the West, giving each side veto power over decisions. Again there was unnecessary delay.

The Way Out

THE First International Space Science Symposium took place in Nice, France, January 11-15, under the auspices of COSPAR. A total of more than 100 papers was presented, and 300 persons from seventeen countries participated. The countries included Argentina, Australia, Belgium, Canada, France, West Germany, Italy, Japan, Netherlands, Spain, Sweden, Switzerland, China (Taiwan), Union of South Africa, USSR, United Kingdom and the United States. Among individuals participating were Richard W. Porter, the United States delegate representing our National Academy of Sciences, and sixty-three other Americans, including the Nobel laureates Joshua Lederberg and Harold C. Urey. Daily dispatches from Nice indicated harmony among the participants, despite the presence of the representative from Taiwan.

If such efforts are continued, we may find more in common with the Russians than either they or we suspected. A cooperative effort would give the astronauts a better chance

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for their lives and have a salutary effect in both camps. The difficulties are great, but the stakes are worth striving for. The Soviets could industrialize more rapidly if they were relieved of some of the burdens of the war of test and demonstration; to that end they might be amenable to disarmament controls and dependable agreements in other areas where interests conflict, or seem to conflict. For our part, we should have to switch our surplus productive capacity from armaments to welfare, but if we succeeded we would be better off both morally and economically. All hands would be tranquilized and find it easier to live together on the same planet which, dull as it it may be, does offer air, food, water and manageable temperatures.

If the pressure to blast off into space were relieved, it would be no calamity for the human race, and even the aerospace people might be happier in the long run. Realistically, what does space offer? Adventure, a new form of sport: exciting, but warranting only a limited budget. Scientific information: likewise of great interest, but we don't have to get it all by 1970. Possibly new raw materials on the moon or Mars, but exploitable only at inordinate expense: no bank would lend a plugged nickel on that prospect. The military potential, as we have seen, is small. The private profits are immoral and demoralizing, and sooner or later will bring on another "merchants of death" revulsion. If any residual capacity for sanity exists among us, now is the time to draw on it.

SQUAW VALLEY SNOW JOB . . *by Richard Meister*

Sacramento, Calif.

ANY RESEMBLANCE between California taxpayers and the "peace doves" to be sent aloft to open the Olympic Winter Games February 18 is purely non-coincidental. The uninitiated might even say it's downright intentional.

The birds, it turns out, are merely Pageant Director Walt Disney's substitute for doves; they're really pigeons.

But restrain the sympathy, please; California brought much of its problem on itself. The Golden State wanted Olympic Games financed in the style to which it has been accustomed. That's just what California is getting, and it's too late to climb out of the $8 million hole it so avidly began digging six years ago at Squaw Valley in the High Sierras. Actually, that $8 million figure is a rank understatement. Among other dollars supporting the Games, there's $3.5 million tossed in by federal taxpayers, approximately $2.5 million from private industry (guess who'll eventually pay that bill?), and $363,000 coughed up by Nevada.

Although hardly the caliber of support you might hope for from a nation providing billions to equip the playing fields of Cape Canaveral and White Sands, upwards of $14 million for an eleven-day athletic contest is going some. As a matter of fact, it may yet go further. Just like the spectators at Canaveral, Californians are holding their breath—slow ticket sales being just one of several worries which prompted Games officials to request a $1 million "emergency fund" recently.

And though not certain their $8 million-plus investment will return them a successful Olympic Games, Californians are reasonably sure of this: they'll have to shell out millions more if they expect to get much benefit from Squaw Valley after the Games close on February 28. It would cost the state something like $3 million to buy out the private owners whose property is essential to any comprehensive public-park development in the beautiful little valley, a natural amphitheatre a half-mile wide and two miles long, surrounded by 9,000-foot peaks. Or, at the least, California would have to spend a million or two on additional facilities for its own land, should it decide to lease the property to the neighboring private operators and let them run the park.

Under optimum conditions, a park at Squaw Valley would nick the state for a yearly operational loss of about $175,000. But, of course, you don't judge public recreation in dollars-and-cents terms. If you did, however, you might find it curious that California, faced with a constantly expanding urban population, spends as little as $1 million a year to develop its grossly underdeveloped park lands, yet tosses million after million into one ski area.

Ah, but note what they're getting for their money. To cite news reports, "Film producer Walt Disney is planning to turn the Games into a fitting spectacle, one of the most elaborate in Games history." The Khan of Disneyland, donating his great creative talents, plans "a choir of thousands, a daytime fireworks, 20,000 balloons, 2,000 pigeons symbolic of world peace and unity, a skier racing down a mountain with a torch," and more, including thirty-three $2,000 statues of athletes—presumably for those spectators who can't afford the price of an ice-arena ticket to see the real thing close up. There'll be an Olympic Queen, naturally, and Art Linkletter, who's in charge of providing nightly entertainment. All this and Richard Nixon, too, who will open the Games.

LEST we forget what this Olympics business is all about, there'll be some 800 athletes and 300 officials from thirty-three nations somewhere in this mass of spectacle, competing, as usual, not to win or lose, but just to play the game. Also as usual, everyone will be keeping score, thanks to 600 newspaper correspondents.

Given cooperation from the weath-

RICHARD MEISTER, a California newspaper man, describes himself as an "after-ski enthusiast specializing in hot buttered rums."

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er, which has been known to appear in the form of nasty blizzards at Squaw Valley, California's bottomless appropriation pot should assure athletes the best of everything. Spectators can get the same thing—providing they can afford it.

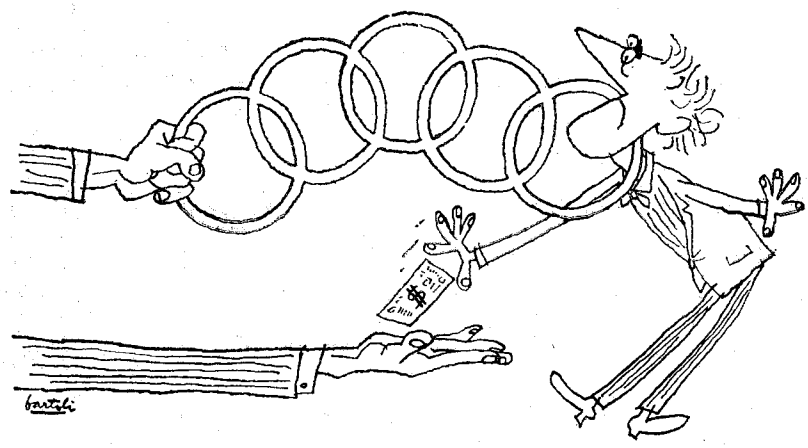
For the minimum ticket price of $7.50 a day, or $60 for the eleven days, they can wander around the valley, but see only a few of the skating events (most are held in the 8,500-seat arena) and get only a glimpse of the start and finish of most outdoor events. For a $15 to $25 ticket ($200 to $250 for eleven days) a visitor can get an arena seat.

Then there's an arena charge of $1 a day per car plus $2 an occupant, or $5 a day to stand in line behind athletes, officials and newsmen for use of a chair lift—should the spectator want to get a good look at things. There are plenty of accommodations around Squaw Valley, which lies 200 miles from San Francisco and forty-six miles from Reno. But even at lodges cooperating with Olympic officials, prices range from $10 to $15 a night, and in most you'll have to stay more than one night.

All of which makes it understandable why officials have scaled down their original estimates of capacity crowds of 35,000 daily. Their optimism has faded in the face of a situation in which, as of three weeks before the Games, not many more than 150,000 tickets had been sold—no more than 15,000 for any particular day. And should the weather act up, many may never make it. A heavy storm could close both highways leading from San Francisco. Too, visitors should have fun driving over narrow, twisting and steep Donner Summit, one lane each way and 7,135 feet high on U.S. Highway 40; and there's the similar dangerous Meyers Grade on U.S. 50.

A PRUDENT man might ask just how California got into such a mess.

The lion's share of credit must go to Alex Cushing, who left a position in New York society twelve years ago to build a plush lodge in the heart of Squaw Valley, install a chair lift and establish a lucrative retreat for the weary coupon clippers of San Francisco's smart set. However reluctant Cushing was to admit "two-



bit skiers" to his lands, in 1954 he invited the U.S. Olympic Committee to try getting the 1960 Winter Games staged in his wild and isolated valley.

The Games could be put on for $1 million in public funds, said Cushing. So the Olympic committeemen picked Squaw Valley, and the California Legislature followed with an appropriation of $1 million.

Off went Cushing to Paris, armed with a state booklet noting that California had pledged "whatever money may be required" to stage the Games. But the lodge-owner emphasized to the International Olympic Committee that California was planning to "restore the Olympic ideal" by staging a simple operation stressing athletic competition to the exclusion of commercial sideshows. No sooner was the committee sold, however, than the great push began. Out came the politicians and promoters with talk of "tremendous advertising and promotional value," led by State Senator Harold T. Johnson (now a Congressman), whose district encompassed Squaw Valley.

California was on the make, and Goodwin Knight, Governor at the time, was, as usual, reluctant to oppose such pressure. Meanwhile, Cushing, head of the state's Olympic Organizing Committee, was revising his estimates of just how to "restore the Olympic ideal." He lost his job in 1956, but by then everyone realized it would take something more than $1 million to stage the Games. Squaw Valley just didn't have the facilities for an international competition, and naturally the pressure was for the very best development. Forcing California's hand, International Olympic Commissioner Avery Brundage warned the state to put up or lose the Games. The result: another $4 million drained from California's shrinking beach and park development fund.

Pushed into a face-saving position, trapped by previous commitments, and unable or unwilling to stem the pressure of super-promoters, politicians in California, Nevada and Washington, D.C., continued with more appropriations, until $10.2 million had been spent on construction alone (partly because of U.S. Olympic Commission insistence that facilities be made permanent).

Periodically breaking into print with internal squabbles, Olympic officials finally developed what they call "the best-equipped sports area in the world," including the usual accouterments, as well as the first covered and artificially-iced arena in Games history, built with federal funds. Perhaps the greatest expense went into building a little city for the athletes, complete with four dormitories, dining hall, bank, post office, drug store, theatres, and the like. (The Lake Tahoe area four miles away has all this, including living accommodations for 20,000 persons.)

Yet at most, a total of $3.5 million —cost of the ice arena alone—will be returned from the Games themselves (including $50,000 paid by CBS to televise the events—which might have something to do with those slow ticket sales).

This doesn't matter, though. Staging the Games in California has brought millions of dollars of publicity to the state, given it $11 million in buildings for an $8 million

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investment, and will make Squaw Valley a skier's paradise. The factory worker down in Los Angeles without a nearby park to call his own can be happy that the sportsman is being served. But wait. There's a devil in this paradise of the affluent—Alex Cushing, by name.

THERE are his holdings, cutting off from the valley center $11 million worth of buildings and other developments on state land, and there's his control of the chair lifts. Some winter park, with no chair lifts or free access to the heart of the good skiing area!

And buying out Cushing would be a bit complicated, thanks to state legislation which authorized another $3 million for state-park development in the valley. Because of previous court battles, this law—passed in 1957—prohibited the state from condemning any more lands there. The action could be overturned by the legislature "in the interests of harmony," of course, but this isn't likely. For the legislature would be approving, in effect, another expenditure of millions—to buy out Cushing (an estimated $3 million job).

Although he "won't sell at any price," Cushing has an offer just in case: $4 million for his $1.5 million operation. Wayne Poulson, the pioneer land developer in the area, is equally tenacious. He's not interested in selling his flat land, needed badly for parking areas.

Instead of buying him out, Cushing suggests the state should lease the whole thing to him and split the profits. The state, however, is not eager to afford him more means for profit, especially since all other state-park leases are given a share of gross revenues, not just of the profits.

Meanwhile, the state plans another $1 million in developments on its own land, and soon the Games will be over; people will be visiting state-developed lands, and drifting over to Cushing's diggings next door to spend their money.

And what does California's long-suffering populace think of all this? The ski enthusiast, it must be presumed, is quite happy; certainly it's been sweetness and light on most sports pages—except perhaps for one columnist who warned spectators against possible thievery. "Sports fans are always honest," said he, "but some non-athletic people may sneak in during the Games."

As a matter of fact, there should be quite a contingent of non-athletes around, including some politicians given entree through a monumental stroke of public relations by the Olympic Organizing Committee. Right on the heels of its request to the California Legislature for that $1 million "snowy day" fund, the committee sent two $200 tickets to each of the 120 legislators who were to vote on the request. At least a few lawmakers took offense; they turned back their tickets.

Worse, the sleeping populace was aroused. Belated explanation that the tickets were paid for by private industry didn't do much good; protests were raised not only against the ticket-giving but also against the Games in general. "Monstrosity," "fantastic expenditure," they cried.

The politicians weren't far behind. One went as far as to say: "If we had it to do over again, I don't think we'd appropriate the money."

[*For more on the Winter Olympics phenomenon, see "The Ski Ball" on page 151 of this issue. — Ed.*]

MARYLAND'S JOLLY JACKPOT . . *by David Hume*

Mt. Eagle, Maryland

IN CHARLES COUNTY, Maryland —somewhat exaggeratedly referred to in the past as the "Sin Capital of the East Coast"—there are some 2,338 licensed slot macihnes in more than 200 establishments. Of these, about 100 are grocery stores, filling stations, drug stores and the like. The rest are casinos of varying categories which like to advertise themselves as little brothers of the more lavish Nevada establishments.

Until the Maryland General Assembly first lowered the boom on the casinos in 1958, one establishment known as "little Reno" rested on piers in the Maryland-owned Potomac River just off the more puritanical Virginia shore. It had a "cocktail lounge" seating 1,500 persons, featured name dance bands and had 385 slot machines lined up row on row to exercise the arms of their seemingly tireless fans. Little Reno stayed open twenty-four hours a day, 365 days a year.

When out of respect to Virginia's wishes, the Maryland courts and legislature ended the river casino business, some of the operators moved inland. Today the biggest of the casinos is Pot of Gold, with 233 machines in one building and forty-two in another. The newest is the Wigwam, which features forty machines and big slabs of rare roast beef. Unlike their Nevada counterparts, the only gambling offered by these casinos is the slot machine.

The slot machine, of course, is a real boon to the tavern. Charles County has 185 places licensed to sell whiskey—about one for every 160 men, women and children. The rest of the state has to get along on one tap room for every 442 persons.

The other three gambling counties —St. Mary's, Calvert and Anne Arundel, which houses the state Capitol and the U.S. Naval Academy—have 2,300 machines among them and a somewhat lesser ratio of saloons per person.

Maryland has been cited by its neighbors for what they consider a rather cavalier approach to life. It has been said, for example, that a weakness for beautiful women, fast horses and rye whiskey never has

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cost a politician a vote in the Free State.

In Charles County, however, the presence of questionable elements attracted by the legalized gambling has begun to arouse considerable vocal opposition—and not only on moral grounds. Many persons are coming to the conclusion that the slots represent an economic luxury which the state cannot afford. In reaching this conclusion, they have had to hurdle some formidable statistics to the contrary:

1. The fact that the four gambling counties have tax rates well below the state average. Charles County's rate is $1.35, down from $1.50, while nearby Montgomery County (no slot machines) has a rate of $2.48. The state average is about $2.00.

2. The fact that Charles County received $399,190 in revenue from the slots in 1958.

3. The fact that in some instances, slot income of small waterfront stores is an important margin of profit.

4. The fact that without the revenues, the county's tax rate probably would have to be hiked to at least the state average and possibly higher.

BUT there are countering factors on the balance sheet. Charles County is a natural suburban area of Washington, about the same distance in travel time from the Capitol as Montgomery County, which boasts such institutions as the Congressional Country Club, President Eisenhower's home golf course, Burning Tree, and a dozen others, plus hundreds of well-manicured estates.

Without slot machines, land values in Montgomery County are among the highest in the area. With slot machines, land values in Charles County, whose physical assets surpass those of Montgomery, are the lowest in the state. Conservatively estimating the difference at $100 an acre, Charles County's 30,000 residents could be forfeiting over $32 million in reduced land values in return for a total of some $390,000 a year in tax benefits.

In addition, local residents contribute heavily to the take of the slot-machine owners. Last year's gross slot receipts amounted to more than $4,544,000 in Charles County alone. The receipts, however, are determined in such a way that no one really knows the amount accurately. Once a week, the owner of the tavern or casino and the machine distributor open the machine and count the take, usually splitting it down the middle. They report the results to the state and the figures are accepted. How accurate are they?

In 1950, the Special Committee to Investigate Organized Crime in Interstate Commerce, headed by Senator Kefauver (D., Tenn.), estimated the average take for a slot machine at $50 a week. On this basis, Charles County machines would produce more than $5.7 million instead of the reported $4,544,000.

Ironically, slot-machine receipts, like food and drugs, are exempted from a 3 per cent sales tax. It may come as a shock to many Marylanders to learn that the state tax on slot-machine receipts is only one-half of 1 per cent.

The slot-machine business is taxed somewhat differently and controlled differently in each of the counties in which it operates. In Charles County, for instance, no establishment can "own" more than three machines; the rest it gets from one of nine licensed distributors who service them, provide the silver coins needed, and split the take with the operator.

The biggest Charles County distributor by far is the Southern Maryland Novelty Co., headed by the widows of two brothers who founded the firm. In recent years, however, there has been a growing belief in the county that outside interests, particularly from Philadelphia and Camden, are muscling in locally.

As a result of wide public concern, a new Democratic State House delegation last year successfully got a bill through the legislature to limit the number of machines to thirty-five in any one establishment, to require fuller disclosure of financial interests in the saloon and slot-machine operations, and to lift the three-per-business ban on ownership.

But the slot-machine interests are powerful and they have plenty of folding money to pass around. After failing in attempts to have the bill vetoed, they went to work on a petition to forestall its effect until a referendum was held on the measure. Among those circulating the petition were three special deputy sheriffs, all on the payrolls of the casinos—their uniforms, by the way, match button for button Charles County's regular deputy sheriffs—as well as two top leaders of the Republican Party, and a member of the Board of Election Supervisors.

AN Anne Arundel County anti-slot leader, the Rev. Charles F. Kirkley, recently put it gently when he said that gambling interests are always generous to political candidates. Actually, the slot-machine interests are forced to go into the political arena, since their business can be abolished by simple legislative fiat. The danger of this situation is obvious in a small state such as Maryland, where it is generally conceded that a campaign covering both the primary and general elections can be run successfully on $400,000 for the four major statewide offices.

Over the years, gambling interests and their "fronts" have succeeded in having slot-machine tax and license revenues in the four counties committed to such public purposes as hospitals, fire departments, libraries and the like. In Anne Arundel County recently, the slot-machine interests pledged $275,000 toward construction of a new hospital. Just a few months ago, it was disclosed by Maryland newspaper men that the same interests had been contributing to two non-public anti-crime groups: the Maryland Criminal Justice Commission and the Maryland Crime Investigating Committee.

What makes people prefer to pay

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tribute to the click-whir-bang machines rather than provide necessities, or even luxuries, for their families is a question, one supposes, for the psychiatrist. Certainly the majority of players know the odds they are bucking are roughly equivalent to finding a $20 gold piece in the middle of the street in the dark of night. Occasionally, one may read of a player breaking the bank at Monte Carlo or earning a pile at the gaming tables in Las Vegas, but no one has ever read of a slot machine going broke. As a matter of fact, the operators, in a convincing display of cynicism, say that playing the slots is really not gambling at all, since the machine simply can't be beaten.

The biggest problem facing the gambling counties as they begin their clean-up campaign is to find a way to compensate for the loss of slot-machine revenues. In Charles County, the revenues account for nearly one-fourth of the county's budget. One answer, I believe, is the establishment of committees to study the fiscal problem and to gear the ending of the slot-machine era to a practical, economic solution.

Meanwhile, the neon continues to flash and the suckers continue to play and new establishments continue to open. The machines are "screwed up tight" and the pay-off is small. One establishment boasts "the finest in slot-machine entertainment" and adds enticingly, "where fortune smiles."

Charles County residents, totting up the balance sheet and seeing the red ink, are beginning to suspect that it's not on them that it's smiling.

SUGAR AND SYMPATHY . . *by Boris C. Swerling*

EXTENSION of the Sugar Act will be an item of Congressional business once again in 1960. This periodic ritual, customarily performed in the spirit of happy bipartisanship, would seem hardly to rank with the burning issues of the day. Yet matters of commodity policy which are of only minor concern to the United States often affect vital interests of foreign countries. At the present moment, relations with Castro's Cuba place sugar policy in a particularly dramatic setting. The situation is complicated by ultra-nationalistic manifestations in that Caribbean island, by gross inequality in the respective bargaining power of the two trading partners, and by collateral importance for producers of other Latin American commodities. Even with the best of intentions on the mainland, Cuban-American relations may continue to deteriorate badly, and Congressional action could easily intensify current tensions.

Pivotal in the political economy of sugar is the character of American producer interests. Although sugar crops provide an insignificant fraction of American farm income, a complex of circumstances provides the commodity with much political leverage. The list of states in which sugar beets are grown, albeit as a minor crop, is long and extends to such weighty units as California and Michigan. Beets have played an important role in carrying the overhead costs of irrigated agriculture in the American West, particularly in regions opened up by federal reclamation projects. Ironically, Congressional representatives from these regions can be strongly liberal in their general political leanings, yet firmly protectionist on commodity matters; like silver and wool, sugar beets are among the more acceptable devices for redistributing income in their constituents' favor. Sugar cane, as opposed to beets, is important in only two mainland states, but has a pronounced local impact in a number of parishes in Louisiana, which can also claim the chairman of the Senate Committee on Agriculture and Forestry. The broad Congressional representation of sugar-crop producers is reinforced by metropolitan strength in centers like Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and New Orleans, which have large seaboard refineries in their immediate vicinity.

The interests of offshore sugar-producing regions also have their domestic defenders, though on a somewhat more tenuous basis. California residents have important investments in Hawaiian sugar, and the Islands' plantations reinforced their position by locating a jointly owned refinery near San Francisco. Major sugar properties in Cuba were developed by American refinery interests explicitly as an economical source of supply for their key raw material. To the extent that the national interests of Cuba diverge from those of United States refineries, Cuba may appeal to the Department of State. The Department of the Interior has been involved in sugar affairs via the reclamation route and by virtue of historical responsibilities in offshore territories.

Apart from the crudities of producers' political strength, a number of other factors must be accommodated through sugar legislation. Because Cuba is a major commercial market for American farm products, Cuban trade is important to the Kansas wheat-grower, the cotton farmer of the Southeast and Southwest, and the corn-belt raisers of hogs (though effective means for bringing that reality into political focus have yet to be devised). The food-processing industry — with its substantial numbers of bakers, canners, makers of candy and soft beverages, and the like—seeks adequate supplies of cheap sugar, and goes to some effort to make its collective voice heard. In two world wars, moreover, it has been to Cuba that the Western Alliance has turned to compensate for supplies unavailable

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from customary sources. Even if a major expansion in domestic beet-sugar output were possible, considerations of security would set a high value on Cuban supplies, with their close proximity to major deficit centers along the Atlantic seaboard of the United States.

THE OPERATING mechanism of the Sugar Act is simple to describe. The Secretary of Agriculture decrees the total amount of sugar required by the American market each year. This aggregate figure is divided among major producing regions according to various statutory provisions. At present, about one-third is allotted to mainland beet and cane sugar; one-third to Hawaii, Puerto Rico and the Philippines; and most of the remainder to Cuba. When necessary, marketing allotments are assigned to individual sugar factories in the American territories, while country quotas limit the total permissible imports from foreign nations.

The whole purpose of restricting total supplies is to support artificially the sugar market, and ordinarily a "quota premium" prevails; that is to say, sugar shipped for sale in the United States will earn Cuba a considerably higher return than sugar sold to other countries at the "world-market" price. Sales by U.S. producers, of course, are at the high U.S. price, and it is for the most part by this quota system, rather than by such customary price-support devices as non-recourse loans or commodity-purchase programs, that the "farm" side of the sugar program operates.

While some virtues claimed for the Sugar Act turn out to be illusions, the program has had some definite merits. Foreign sugar recovered a considerable share of the market lost as a result of the Smoot-Hawley Tariff. The gain, to be sure, was at the expense of the Philippines and Puerto Rico, rather than of mainland producers. But President Roosevelt, in calling for enactment of the sugar program, had aid in mind for a domestic industry of limited size; and a degree of restraint on domestic expansion has in fact been exercised.

With quota restrictions on sugar imports providing a highly effective means of market protection, the U.S. sugar tariff has become of quite secondary interest; but successive reductions in tariff rates have in effect permitted duty-paying countries to retain a larger portion of the favorable U.S. price. The direct subsidy enjoyed by domestic growers of sugar cane and beets is applied so as to discourage the use of child labor in the fields and is graduated downward as the scale of farm operations increases.

Among foreign areas of supply, Cuba has been the most favored, and by a considerable margin. An assured volume of sugar sales to America has been a mainstay of her economic life. A quota premium so high as to exceed the world-market price briefly in the summer of 1959,

is certainly more advantageous to her than to the U.S. consumer; and even the normal price differential makes it easier for her to make price concessions on sales to other export destinations. Sudden increases in U.S. requirements, even if temporary, have brought her important windfall gains.

In return, Cuba has made a major contribution to the program's success. Availability of Cuban sugar has assured the American market of almost unlimited supplies at an extremely stable domestic price. As consumer takings or inventory requirements have fluctuated, or output has fallen short in other producing areas, Cuba has been called upon to fill the gap. A strong point is made of the need for maintaining large stocks of such American export crops as wheat, cotton and corn for unforeseen contingencies; because of Cuba's large stocks of sugar, our inventories of this commodity are held to be relatively low.

THE COSTS to Cuba have been heavy. In her experience, war is a condition almost to be welcomed, for it activates her enormous productive potential. At other times, the burden of carrying excess capacity for the United States and the world has been largely hers. Moreover, successive peacetime extensions of the Sugar Act, while benefiting mainland interests, have whittled away her own quota privileges. Tight restrictions on the volume of sugar that may enter the United States in direct-consumption form deny her a degree of processing entirely suited to her natural economic advantages, and have cut short some earlier experimentation with improved forms of ocean shipment. Tariff reciprocity with the United States complicates her trade dealings with foreign countries, to whom she must sell close to half her crop if she is not to limp along at an even slower gait. With cane monoculture have come problems of large land-holdings, heavy seasonal unemployment, extra-territorial control, economic imbalance and periodic stagnation.

Corresponding political burdens are also heavy. The single most important decision to the Cuban economy, the size of its American sugar quota, is determined by legislative authorities with whom Cuba has no official standing. The affront to national sovereignty inherent in this satellitic relationship should be particularly obvious to a people for whom "no taxation without representation" was a rallying call. Cuba's sense of injustice and the frustration of any efforts to improve her position through economic efficiency and agricultural productivity must explain some of the economic irrationality she now displays.

The clock on the sugar quotas runs out as of December 31, 1960. As a commendable act of patience, Congress delayed extending the legislation last year. Uncertainties which then existed have yet to be resolved and the cooling-off period has not accomplished its purposes. Since then, almost every official action of

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the Cuban authorities has been likely, if indeed it was not intended, to arouse Congressional ire. Immense opportunities for further misunderstanding and positive mischief attach to Castro's land reform, expropriation of American property and regulation of local scales of payment for Cuban labor or sugar cane. If Cuban-American sugar interests, as a natural reaction to present uncertainties, take a cautious approach even to current maintenance of mill equipment, their conduct may appear in Cuban eyes as a form of economic sabotage, triggering outright nationalization of the mills.

AN impatient Congress, a recalcitrant Castro, give grounds for very serious concern over the future course of events. Cuba has avoided pressing for maximum gains in past periods when she enjoyed considerable bargaining advantage; at this time, a test of strength involving limitation of shipments to the United States would backfire. The United States could get alternative supplies from stocks on hand in other exporting countries; inflationary pressures in Cuba would mount; and a penalty in the form of a reduced quota is automatically called for even under the existing Sugar Act. As retaliation breeds retaliation, and violence foments violence, the peril of major economic catastrophe does arise. Should, nevertheless, irresponsible conduct bring on the burning of cane fields, wrecking of cane mills, and destruction of stored sugar, it would not be the first time in history that a major sugar island had destroyed the basis of its own prosperity. In the unhappy but not inconceivable event that the current harvesting were disrupted, or if the 1961 Cuban crop were put in serious jeopardy by subsequent events, the United States would be compelled to bid against other importing countries for scarce sugar supplies.

Instrumentalities of reconciliation are hard to find in a tense situation, but they need assiduously to be sought out. While open Congressional debate will inevitably have some inflammatory impact within Cuba, extension of the Sugar Act affords legislative opportunities as well as risks. Yet the auguries are not particularly hopeful. Never have the mainland interests had a stronger case to make on the potential unreliability of foreign supplies. The production of sugar beets, moreover, has undergone considerable mechanization during the last two decades, and very considerable expansion of output would be possible if market outlets were assured. Foreign suppliers other than Cuba, among them Mexico and the Dominican Republic, are eager claimants to that portion of the American market that is not met from domestic supplies. Some liquidation of American sugar investment in Cuba is in clear prospect, and the funds might be shifted to alternative areas of supply. (Hawaiian statehood might appear to increase the political leverage of another domestic producing interest. On the contrary, capital investment in Hawaiian cane fields seems clearly to have passed the point of diminishing returns and Hawaii has recently failed to fulfill its assigned share of the American market.) To date, the administrators of the present legislation have taken a balanced approach, establishing a high consumption requirement for 1960, while increasing the permissible beet acreage that will furnish sugar marketable in 1961.

COOLLY appraised, the range of statutory alternatives must be considered to extend merely from the seriously ill-advised to the only slightly promising. If Congress were to reduce the Cuban quota, or to impound a portion of the quota premium as contingent compensation for damages to Cuban-American proprietary interests, a chain reaction of retaliatory measures could confidently be expected. On general grounds, there would be genuine merit in steps to reduce the degree of American insulation from the world sugar market. This might be done by lowering the domestic price target, reducing the volume of subsidized sugar, and providing a more open competition for shares of the American market. Moves toward economic liberalism would increase incentives for productive efficiency and reduce the role of sheer political fiat, but under present circumstances they might nevertheless be interpreted by Cuba as punitive. On the other hand, cheap sugar might make some contribution to a broad "Food for Peace" program, but dollar aid in this form at this time suggests blackmail. It would be entirely consistent with Congressional behavior in 1959 if the Sugar Act were merely extended for a short term without change, an alternative that has some considerable present support.

BUT holding actions are no substitute for measures that might conceivably afford some positive escape from the present impasse. Trade relations between Cuba and the United States have brought significant benefits to both parties; unilateral action on either side does not serve the needs of the moment. The State Department has not been quick to protest Cuba's attempt to reform the internal basis of its major industry, but important American interests are entitled to protection. Unlimited sales of Cuban sugar to the United States are not feasible, but the limitations should not be imposed unilaterally. The relationship between two nations, vastly unequal in economic status, inevitably brings its difficulties. A degree of mutual accommodation was provided when the principle of reciprocity in tariff matters was introduced in 1902. Current relations between the two sovereign states might similarly be dignified by a commercial treaty covering the quota and incidental sugar matters. A 1960 Sugar Act might specifically provide enabling legislation.

Action, as well as inaction, entails risks. The suggestion of a treaty assumes that Castro genuinely wishes current difficulties to be resolved amicably, and is not merely seeking opportunities for making political capital at U.S. expense. A Congressional offer to engage in international negotiations would put the good will of the United States on record before the Cuban people. But the negotiations themselves would afford an enviable forum for displaying the propaganda arts on an international scale. No private citizen is competent to judge whether the requisite degree of good faith can be taken for granted.

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Notes on Khrushchev's Russia . . *by Alexander Werth*

This is the second and concluding article (see "Russia: from Terror to Incentive," The Nation, January 16) by The Nation's European correspondent, who recently visited the USSR for the first time since 1948. Mr. Werth, who covered World War II from Moscow, is the author of three books on the USSR: The Year of Stalingrad, Leningrad and Musical Uproar in Moscow. — Ed.

WHAT WITH sputniks and moon rockets, the Russians no longer fear, as they did in 1948, an attack from outside. Khrushchev's visit to the United States was fully exploited to demonstrate that Russia has been accepted by America as an equal, and that the United States has had to abandon the Dulles policy of "brinkmanship." The President and Secretary Herter were classed among the reasonable Americans who understood these simple facts of life; others, who did not understand them, would (one hoped) do so in time. Sixty thousand copies of *For Peace and Friendship,* describing Khrushchev's visit, have been printed, and thousands of cinemas are showing the *Khrushchev in America* film. In both, the less pleasant aspects of the trip were toned down or deleted altogether.

Understanding (if not friendship) with the United States is the real cornerstone of Soviet foreign policy. If any progress is to be made in disarmament, it can only be done if America wants it; and, though skeptical, Russians believe that some hard thinking on the subject is going on in the United States. In this connection, speeches by American business leaders are carefully scrutinized. And if, let us suppose, America were to produce a vast plan for pooling American, Russian and other resources for helping the underdeveloped countries, there seems little doubt (so Soviet diplomats have assured me) that the Soviet Union would play ball.

But, pending such joint action, the Russians consider that the underdeveloped countries—and particularly, all the "colored" countries—are looking more and more their way—even South America. An enormous fuss was made of Sekou Touré's visit to Moscow; similarly, the ceremony attending the signing of the cultural agreement (which I attended) with the United Arab Republic was far more cordial than the similar ceremony with the United States a few hours before; and one day I heard the Moroccan Ambassador on Moscow TV fuming over French colonialism.

The attitude to Britain is curiously favorable and the Russians were greatly relieved at the Conservative victory; Macmillan, in their view, had started the ball rolling, and had done much to prepare Khrushchev's visit to the United States. Also, as one Soviet diplomat bluntly put it to me: "We prefer the honest Conservative whores to the ugly old Labour spinsters with their intolerable humbug." Another example of Russia's hatred of the "reformists" in the West: the most-hated American in Russia remains Walter Reuther.

CHINA is indeed a sore subject with the Russians. It is clear that Khrushchev would like China to enter more wholeheartedly into the "Camp David spirit" and he is deeply worried about "the most regrettable" Indian-Chinese friction. And yet any suggestion made by a Westerner in Moscow that there is a good deal of disagreement between Russia and China, and that there may be a conflict between the two in the future, is deeply resented. "Don't kid yourselves," is the usual reply.

And Russians who have been in China invariably tell you the same two stories: (a) that birth-control propaganda is in full swing in China and (b) that, in any case, there are still boundless untapped resources in Western China, and that the "demographic pressure" of China is no menace to the Soviet Union. Any suggestion that the virgin lands of Siberia and Kazakhstan were recently settled by Russians in order to keep the Chinese out is dismissed as malevolent moonshine.

Even so, I find in the ordinary Russian a slight uneasiness about the Chinese; they were *too* conscientious. One Russian was telling me how a bus driver, outside Peking, stopped the bus until he had killed a fly; and how Chinese students in Moscow work eighteen hours a day to get through their exams with top marks — an "unsociable and pretty fanatical lot." One bunch of Chinese students went so far in their revolutionary conscientiousness as to declare that they did not want their 300-ruble monthly subsidy, as they could live on 200. "We Russians wouldn't do such a crazy thing."

But, for the time being, China is no major worry to the Russians, whose only real and immediate worry continues to be Western Germany. Russia lost twenty million people in World War II (the figure quoted at the last meeting of the Supreme Soviet, which I attended, but which was deleted from press reports), and no Russian family has forgotten about it. And the young generation is being constantly reminded of the horrors of the German invasion. Films and TV dwell daily on the bestiality of the German invaders, and books in millions of copies are published on the same subject. The Ministry of Defense, in particular, has been publishing and reprinting countless war novels, in all of which the Germans figure as fiends. True, there is Eastern Germany, but even the attitude to East Germans remains generally reserved. At the hotel where I stayed, there was a bunch of East Germans. One day, in the restaurant, they broke into song; no sooner had

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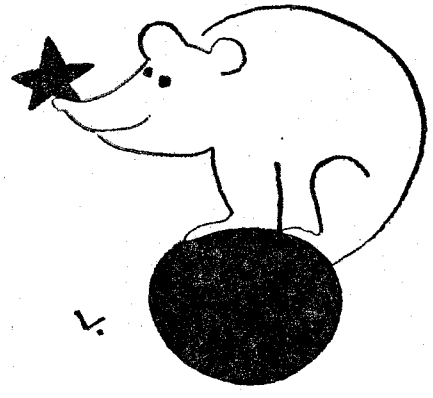
they finished than the Russians at the next table started singing a good old anti-Nazi war song. The Germans smiled sheepishly and, when the song was over, applauded.

THE QUESTIONS one inevitably asks in Moscow these days are: "What *is* communism?" and "Is there such a thing as 'Soviet Man'?" Lately, Soviet theoretical journals have been describing what it is going to be like "under communism." Monetary-commercial transactions will have disappeared; automation will have reached such a high degree of development (unattainable under capitalism) that people will only work a short time, and do it with joy; they will be provided for according to their needs, not according to their work; the rest of the time they will be "developing their personalities" with more and more culture and education; inequalities will disappear and, above all, everybody (except a few hardened criminals) will have developed a wonderful sense of citizenship. Only in this way will Communist society be able to steer its course between the Scylla of bureaucracy and the Charybdis of anarchism. The state will not necessarily wither away with the establishment of full communism in Russia; it will remain, so long as there is a danger of an attack from an outside world not yet converted to communism.

When you ask a Communist in Russia these days when the present transition from socialism to communism will be completed, the reply is usually vague, though one or two people have ventured to suggest: "In twenty-five or thirty years." But what they invariably stress is that the present Socialist society is already Communist in many respects. They will point to the very low rental, free education, free medical service, the enormous extension of kindergartens and crechès and canteens, generous old-age pensions, and so on. Also, they will say, bread and urban transport may soon be completely free. When you then suggest that these "Communist" elements in Russia today are merely an advanced form of what in England is called the "Welfare State," they get rather annoyed and say that there is also the Communist education of the masses, and the creation of a new type called "Soviet Man." They admit, it is true, that not every Soviet citizen is yet a perfect Soviet Man; there are still "past survivals" — lack of conscientiousness, graft, laziness, drunkenness, sexual immorality, religion, "toadying to the West," etc. But they claim that these "survivals" are rapidly disappearing.

New measures are being taken to speed up the process, most important



being the coeducational boarding schools which will, by 1965, be educating 2.5 million children out of a total of 30 million and will ultimately educate *all* children. These schools were recently described as "the high road to communism" since, thanks to them, all children will acquire the kind of true "collectivist" spirit which is difficult to develop while they continue to live with their parents—an attitude curiously incompatible, by the way, with the present "cult of the family."

OTHER harbingers of communism, you are further told, are the various forms of "public-opinion pressure" exercised on individuals by the "collectives" — by party and Komsomol cells, by trade unions or other professional groups. The power of the "collectives" is being extended to other fields: thus "comrade courts" will more and more frequently deal with cases hitherto dealt with by civil and criminal courts; similarly, auxiliary police forces, formed by the "collectives" themselves, are already largely replacing the regular police for dealing with drunkenness and other forms of disorderly behavior.

Many Western observers have dismissed all this as so much eyewash, arguing that human nature remains the same the world over, and that man is, by nature, selfish and unethical. This seems an over-simple view and just as in England, for example, certain standards of citizenship and ethics have been developed over the centuries, so the Soviet system has, by more intensive methods, been developing amongst its citizens its own standards. No doubt in a large city like Moscow, there are "beatniks" and "hooligans" and "teddy-boys" and "spivs," but there is general agreement that their numbers are diminishing, largely as a result of intensive campaigns in which the various "collectives" play an important part. I should say, from first-hand experience, that the great majority of young Russians are extremely hard-working and earnest people, genuinely interested in their work, very ambitious to get on and, in the main, believing in a reasonably orderly existence. They are profoundly patriotic, convinced that they belong to a system which is in good working order, and one from which they can derive substantial personal benefits. The working class, which has greater rights of "democratic criticism" than it had under Stalin, is pampered, flattered and reasonably contented. Food is plentiful, consumer goods are more widely available than they were; the reduction of the work day to seven hours (and in some trades to six) is welcomed as a triumph of the system; the crowds one sees in Red Square on November 7 are genuinely happy crowds.

Altogether, living conditions are much better than they were and even the housing problem is being overcome, though not as rapidly as it should be. Millions of young people are passionately interested in science and engineering, and nearly all who fail to get into a university try, while working, to improve their status with the help of evening classes or correspondence courses. There are some young people thinking along highly nonconformist and pro-Western lines, but I think it would be a great mistake to overrate their numbers or their importance.

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The whole emphasis among young Russians is on science and technology, and they feel that they belong to a very superior, go-ahead civilization, and they are very conformist Soviet patriots.

A question often asked in the West is what the "private morals" of young Russians are. I think it may be said that, except in many villages where there are, since the war, far more women than men and where, as a result, some very odd things still go on, Russian life is marked by an almost Victorian sense of propriety, not to say prudishness. A ridiculous little example: twice in the Moscow subway I was sitting with my legs crossed, a few inches of bare leg showing; both times a man sitting opposite got up and, with a shocked look, drew my attention to this indecent display. As for young people kissing or necking in public, it's just never done.

This Victorian attitude is quite generally shared by the working class and by the enormous body of young technicians (though perhaps rather less so by the intellectual and artistic sets—a few of which are even known to practice homosexuality). Conventional morality is encouraged by the genuine spirit of comradeship existing among young men and women (often working together in the same school, factory or laboratory), by the "collective" which keeps an eye on them, as well as by the better chance that a married couple has, compared with a single person, of getting a new apartment. Divorce, of course, is allowed, and the present extremely stiff divorce law is shortly to be relaxed. Nevertheless, the "cult of the family" is very genuine (even though it seems somehow in conflict with the ideals of the boarding schools, as described above). Along with this goes a reluctance to treat sex as something highly complicated. Freud is dismissed as a fraud, worthy of the decadent society to which he belonged: according to the standard Soviet textbook on psychiatry, Freud merely tried to turn social discontent under capitalism into an imaginary sexual frustration!

In short, apart from birth control, there is little in Communist ethics to which the Pope himself would not subscribe.

I met many young Muscovites in their twenties whom I had known as mere children before. Now all of them are very earnest and ambitious young engineers or technicians, highly patriotic, pleased with Khrushchev, and generally optimistic about their own future and the future of their country. Most are married, and some have moved into standard new apartments—usually two small rooms, kitchen and bath, with central heating. Others are still living with their parents in old *izbas* or shabby, badly overcrowded old houses. These young people are passionately interested in science and technology, and, in their own way, they enjoy life to the full: they love TV and other gadgets; they play chess; they go on vacations to the Crimea or the Caucasus; many have spent six months on the virgin lands. On the other hand, their interest in books, films and the theatre is only "secondary."

I FIND that this cult of science and technology among the young (and with it goes, in most cases, a complete departure from religion) has had some curious consequences. Students of history or literature, as well as writers and artists I met, all seemed to suffer from a certain inferiority complex. The great hero in Russia today is the scientist, not the writer. There have been some feeble attempts to strike back: in a newspaper discussion on the subject, one girl wrote that "even in the Cosmos we shall still need love and branches of white lilac"; but she feared that the young "technological" generation was likely to be unromantic.

I have the impression that Russian writers are a little bewildered. The only ones who still seem to enjoy life to the full are the authors of children's books, who do not have to worry unduly about new trends, despite the great boom of science fiction. Small children are still small children, and, like earlier generations, they love the fun and nonsense of Kornei Chukovsky (now seventy-five, but still hale and hearty), Marshak, Barto, Mikhalkov and several others — though no one has yet equaled Chukovsky in popularity, with his curiously "English" nonsense poems (published in many millions of copies) about very human crocodiles, cockroaches, bears, spiders and hippopotami.

NOVELISTS, I should say, can be divided into three groups: (1) those who take a "functional" view of literature and who stimulate, for example, the pioneering spirit among the young generation by telling them about all the excitement of exploring the Arctic and Siberia (Boris Polevoi is perhaps the most important of this group); (2) those who deal mainly with the recent past and touch, in the process, on some tricky, formerly taboo subjects, such as the chaos at the front in the early days of the German invasion (Simonov's *The Live and the Dead*), or the human problem of people who had been forced to collaborate with the Germans, or the misdeeds of the KNVD (Nilin's *Cruelty*) or the "personality cult" of Stalin (Nikolaeva's *Battle on the Road*) etc.; and (3) a smaller group of young writers, more experimental in their style and choice of subjects. Both the Dudintsev and Pasternak affairs have scarcely encouraged any highly critical, individualist or introspective writing. Nevertheless, young writers like Yuri Kazakov, Vladimir Tendryakov, Yuri Nagibin have all written short stories of a new type—*contes cruels* about Soviet reality, stories written with a kind of Chekhovian shrug and detachment. Their invocation of Chekhov as their model is actually severely condemned as a distortion of Chekhov who, according to Soviet ideology, was a great revolutionary fighter. Yet this *pléiade* of young writers (who sometimes combine "Chekhovianism" with an almost Proustian subtlety of observation—this is specially true of Tendriakov) is the most interesting new development in Soviet literature, apart from some new items by *hors-concours* Sholokhov.

Everyone considers Pasternak a major poet, and hundreds of Muscovites have read *Doctor Zhivago;* but people have been conditioned in such a way that nearly all have been at

(*Continued on page 156*)

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'The Plains of Madness'

1859: ENTERING AN AGE OF CRISIS. Edited by Philip Appleman, William A. Madden and Michael Wolff. Indiana University Press. 320 pp. $6.75.

George Dangerfield

THE YEAR 1859 in English history was no more an entrance to an age of crisis than any other year, except in the special and highly important sense that Charles Darwin precipitated (it might be more accurate to say *constellated*) a critical situation by publishing his *Origin of Species*. The present collection of essays, bearing that year as its title, is only a sampling among the many available aspects of mid-Victorian English life. It is (rather surprisingly) silent on the reaction of traditional Baconian science to Darwin's speculations. It says nothing about the beginning or development of social Darwinism. Its most pointed and pregnant efforts devote themselves to the realms of religion and of literature: but here they certainly make 1859 a valid year and the cultural implications of Darwinism a valid theme from which, as from a tent pole, to stretch their arguments forwards, backwards and around.

As Noel Annan emphasizes in his brilliant essay, "Science, Religion and the Critical Mind," Darwinism was one force among many. The foundations of orthodox religion had been shaken long before he appeared upon the scene. The Higher Criticism of the Bible, for example, was more apt to outrage and bewilder the clergy of England than any perusal of *The Origin of Species* could do. The geologist Lyell had already spoken his piece. There was the tragic comparison between Christian morality and Ricardian economics, which caused so many men to lose their faith. But Darwin, by asserting that *process* was the ruling principle in any valid conspectus of our world, made a deadly assault, not only on the literalist interpretation of the Bible, but also, and more so, on dogmatic theology. One can find a Deity in eighteenth-century Progress; in mid-nineteenth-century Process, which depends so much upon blind chance, He is more difficult to discern.

Yet one certainly gets the impression from Basil Willey's "Darwin and Clerical Orthodoxy" that the response of the churches was not nearly so ferocious as Darwin himself feared that it would be. The Catholic Church, which was not dependent on the Bible and which had only lately (1822) officially reversed its position on Galileo, was disinclined to enter upon another scientific dispute: it was, one might say, as nearly indifferent to the issue as any church could be. Nor was it, as yet, an intellectual force in Protestant England. The Protestant churches, although they emitted a good deal of sound and fury, came quite early in the game to the decision (if I read Basil Willey correctly) that Science *or* Religion, or the duel *à outrance*, would be less agreeable than Science *and* Religion, or truce. That is the position which they hold today, although whether or not they will always be able to hold it is questionable. As for the positivist attack upon theology, has it not been answered in Paul Tillich's famous: "It is as atheistic to affirm the existence of God as it is to deny it"? Abstract theology has become so alienated from the world that it can only be discussed in non-worldly language, which is impossible. One way to answer a question is to beg it.

RELIGION and theology, in short, came out of the ordeal with their façades unimpaired, no matter what extensive structural alterations they were forced to make behind the scenes: the cultural crisis, which was constellated in 1859, was of a more sweeping character. "The most important fact about mid-Victorian England," William A. Madden writes in "The Burden of the Artist" — and his words constitute the pervading theme of the religious and literary essays in this collection — "was that at the very moment when great political, social and technological changes both furnished the material basis for and placed a premium upon greater mutual understanding, the necessary cultural basis for such an exchange was disappearing." As Matthew Arnold put it in the late 1870s, "there is not a dogma that does not threaten to dissolve, not a tradition that is not shaken, not a fact which has its historical character free from question." In other words, if mutual understanding may be defined (the words are Madden's) in terms of "shared assumptions which had once provided the common consciousness (an unconsciousness) indispensable to ready understanding," these shared assumptions no longer existed.

In the eighteenth century such cultural "assumptions" had been shared by a relatively small group of people who made the country's laws, wrote and read its literature, created and contemplated its works of art. The artist's life may have been a hard one then, certainly the writer's was, but at least he knew, or thought that he knew, that he would be understood. What the nineteenth century brought, and brought long before the mid-Victorian intellectual had grown into manhood, was a new middle class which was both puritan and Philistine, and a growing "populace" (to use Matthew Arnold's later euphemism for the so-called lower classes) which threatened to learn to read and would one day insist upon its right to vote: in other words (the words are Richard D. Altick's in his essay on literature) an *imminent* democracy.

Oddly enough, the fact that there was no longer a fund of shared assumptions does not seem to have worried the mid-Victorian intellectual in any public way. It is true that there were men like Arthur Hugh Clough to whom loss of religious faith was an unmitigated tragedy, but Clough and his kind were distinctly exceptional. The more usual experience was that of James Stephen or James Anthony Froude, who made no public fuss about loss of faith, who seemed to take the collapse of traditional assumptions for granted, and whose private sufferings were in the realm of neurosis, where the historian cannot follow them. Neurotic they certainly were. As Gertrude Himmelfarb pointed out, in an essay written some eight years ago, Victorian intellectuals dwelled, for the most part, not upon the heights but "upon the plains of madness—that deceptively peaceful countryside. . . ."

It was not only deceptively peaceful, it was deceptively hopeful. Once Matthew Arnold, in many ways the most representative of the Victorian intellectuals, had more or less abandoned poetry for criticism, he became almost an optimist. He made the noble prediction—

GEORGE DANGERFIELD, author of The Era of Good Feelings, *is now completing* The Culture of Laurels, *a life of Robert R. Livingston, Chancellor of the State of New York (1746-1813).*

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and it is one which we still accept—that society would be delivered from cultural anarchy through the medium of serious poetry; just as John Ruskin (in every other respect as different from Arnold as a man could well be) preached that deliverance would be accomplished by spreading the values of art through every class of society. Exactly how it was to be done they were not quite able to explain, and Ruskin was under the additional burden (which drove him mad) of maintaining that the values of art were *moral* values: but they *hoped* that it could be done.

ARNOLD might have observed — although, as far as I know, he was kind enough not to observe—that the effort at deliverance through poetry had already been made. Tennyson in his worst, or mid-Victorian, period supposed that he could deliver the Philistine public from its prison by rousing it to a sense of Higher Duty and of Noble Action. Tennyson had the truest ear of all Victorian poets, and is in general a poet whom we ridicule at our peril, but he did sometimes make the ridiculous effort to get poetry to do the work of the recruiting sergeant and the town crier. There was something of the journalist *manqué* in him. It is hard to believe that a serious and important poet could have produced lines like: "Form! Form! Riflemen form!/Ready, be ready, to meet the storm!/Riflemen, riflemen, riflemen form!" (These lines were written for the Volunteer Rifle Clubs the members of which, with the blessing of the War Office, met every Saturday afternoon all over England and endeavored not to shoot one another.)

When Tennyson asked poetry to perform as poetry, and not as jargon, and at the same time requested it to deliver mid-Victorian England from its crass Philistinism, the result was the *Idylls of the King*. This was an intensely serious effort. The fact that he later dedicated his Arthurian cycle to the Prince Consort—though nobody was so brash as to carry the analogy all the way and assume that there was some relationship between Queen Guinivere and Queen Victoria—shows how serious he was. Today, we think this particular set of poems particularly distasteful; it seems to be a mirror in which the mid-Victorian bourgeois saw himself reflected and glorified in all his complacency; and I feel very grateful to Mr. Madden for suggesting another solution. The *Idylls,* he says, concealed a quest "for a self that might function in a universe to which the traditional spiritual norms represented by the Grail no longer seemed relevant." But the quest was a tragic failure, and "the heroes of the *Idylls* go one by one down to defeat." The *Idylls* were not salvation, after all: they were damnation by *sous-entendre.*

Confronted by an indifferent universe, the contemplation of which caused him real agony, Tennyson was trying to substitute for the loss of religious faith some magical certainty he was never able to find. We agree, I should hope, that the modern poet could deliver us from our cultural anarchy; but is he in any better shape than Tennyson? In many respects, he is in worse shape, since Tennyson had at least a public which was prepared to listen to him. The modern poet is faced with an indifferent public, and he is expected to deliver it from its indifference: his burden is truly appalling. Indeed, if there is a prevailing theme in the essays on literature in this book, it is the theme of mass culture and its dubious future. It is not surprising that such a theme raises more questions than it can answer. All Mr. Altick can say in "The Literature of an Imminent Democracy" is that the most conspicuous difference between popular literature in 1859 and 1959 "is less qualitative than quantitative: it is the altered structural proportion of the total audience." If this is all, our situation is dismal indeed.

Matthew Arnold never dared to foresee that, in an actual, fully enfranchised, literate democracy, there would be an enormous, powerful and vigilant financial investment in the vulgarization of culture. Comparisons between popular taste in one period of history and another are probably unworkable and certainly invidious; but, if they can be made at all, the advantage would seem to be all with the mid-Victorians. It is a truism to say that never was such pretentious and fraudulent bad taste deliberately imposed upon a consuming (and complacent) public as is now imposed through our advertising media: the worst excesses of the mid-Victorian era are mild by comparison. All one can say is that this state of affairs would be less distressing to Mill's Liberty than to Arnold's Culture. This is not much consolation; but it is all you will get from *1859,* a valuable and suggestive collection of essays, but not a hopeful one.

Always Swinging Away

LA GUARDIA, A FIGHTER AGAINST HIS TIMES, 1882-1933. By Arthur Mann. J. B. Lippincott Co. 384 pp. $6.

LA GUARDIA IN CONGRESS. By Howard Zinn. Cornell University Press. 288 pp. $5.50.

Fred J. Cook

IN A TIME when history seems to be repeating itself, when the era of fun-loving Jimmy Walker is finding its modern twin in the tribulations of nice Bob Wagner, it seems especially appropriate that the pint-sized, tempestuous, rowdy fighter who last wielded the broom of reform in New York's City Hall should have inspired two new books. Reading them, one reflects sadly that, while the times seem to have come full circle, Fiorello H. La Guardia remains unique. There is not on the horizon, at this moment at least, a man of the hour even remotely like him.

At one point, Arthur Mann describes the zany world of the twenties in words that could be applied equally well to the fifties. He writes: "America was indeed run by boobs, bigots, idiots and hypocrites. The only recourse for a man who really cared was dissent, exposure and ridicule." La Guardia, a man born to battle, relished his only recourse.

Though they deal essentially with the same period of La Guardia's life, the long years of his rise through the political ranks and his service in Congress before he became the Fusion Mayor of New York, it would be hard to find two books dealing with the same subject matter that contrast more in method and focus. Howard Zinn, professor of history at Spelman College in Atlanta, is preoccupied with La Guardia as the Congressional dissenter, virtually the lone gadfly nettling the political Babbitts in the House. But his focus is almost entirely on the record of issues and debates, and the result at times is one-dimensional. Arthur Mann, associate professor of history at Smith College, is concerned as much with the man as the record. He gives in full and dramatic detail the first half of a projected two-volume biography. The advantages of his method are obvious. In these pages, La Guardia springs to life again — a wayward, often contradictory, always fascinating character.

Mr. Mann, in one of the most vivid

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dissections of the complex and baffling La Guardia personality one will find, writes that he was "a marginal man who lived on the edge of many cultures, so that he was able to face in several directions at the same time." Half-Jew, half-Italian, son of an Army musician and reared on a military post where he lacked the caste of officers' sons, La Guardia had the further handicap of being barely five feet tall at tallest maturity. All of this almost inevitably made him an underdog, a resentful bundle of battling complexes. From his earliest boyhood in Arizona, he was always fighting the taller and stronger ones, the secure ones, the well-placed ones. In one vivid anecdote, Mr. Mann describes a typical La Guardia schoolyard battle. His opponent was so much taller that La Guardia couldn't possibly land a punch on his face. "Sobbing," Mr. Mann writes, "Fiorello broke off, ran into the building, returned with a chair, got up on it, and began swinging away."

THE grown man was always climbing up on chairs and swinging away at Goliaths. A Republican in a Democratic stronghold, he got his party's designation for Congress the first time simply because no one else wanted to take a beating. Used to beatings, La Guardia battled with all his fierce combativeness, slashed the normally heavy Democratic margin, and the next time out he did the unheard of — he won. It was the beginning of a political career in which La Guardia took on all comers, including the bosses of his own party.

Such un uphill battler can hardly be counted upon to abide by the rules in the political ring. La Guardia, in the heat of a campaign, slung mud with the muddiest and no knee-and-gouge tactic was beneath him. As he once remarked complacently, he could out-demagogue the best demagogues around. His saving grace was that he was a demagogue for the right. He was always acutely aware that he belonged to a racial minority. His boyhood resentment of the better-placed, the more powerful, was reinforced by one unforgettable, tragic experience — his father's death, resulting from the eating of rotten beef sold to the Army by unconscionable contractors in the Spanish-American War; a death for which the government later compensated La Guardia's mother with a munificent pension, a total of $12.80. As Mr. Mann writes, "injustice less flagrant than this has made anarchists and traitors out of some men." But "Fiorello blamed only the Interests. . . ."

These were the strands that made La Guardia the most colorful champion of the underdog that modern New York politics has produced. Almost inevitably, he identified himself "with uprooted people against idiotic laws and insensitive officials." He did not have, at the outset at least, any well-defined theories of economics or of politics, as did many of the liberals of his generation; but he was "guided by an ineradicable suspicion of powerful men and an undeviating sympathy for poor people. Temperament, rather than a social blueprint, made him a watchdog of democracy."

Temperament led him to commit some colossal bloopers also. He helped to cheer on the Red scare after World War I; he wanted to storm down to Mexico, offering help in one hand, hand grenades in the other; he insisted that the consular service should be staffed entirely by Americans, that if Americans couldn't be found to fill the jobs at the price the government was willing to pay, the offices should be closed. At times, he became insufferably cocky and opinionated. At one Washington dinner party, he quarreled with everyone in sight and finally challenged the opinions of a distinguished-looking man who was discussing the troubled Balkans. "What do you know about Croatia and Dalmatia?" La Guardia demanded truculently. Came the mild but deadly answer: "I am the Serbian Ambassador here."

Only a battler as colorful and courageous as The Little Flower, as Fiorello came to be called by his loving Italian constituents, could have survived the kind of mistakes that must inevitably have tripped up a lesser man. It is a measure of the greatness of La Guardia that he could and did survive, that he always came back from shattering defeat to greater victory. Thrown against his wishes into the race for president of the old New York Board of Aldermen because the party needed him as a candidate, La Guardia displayed his enormous capacity for work and his mastery of detail by quickly familiarizing himself with the city's infinitely complex municipal life. His orientation with the little people who always need a champion stood him in good stead. It was an orientation that led, inevitably, to his break with a Republican machine that did not stand for the little people at all. It turned The Little Flower, a party regular until that time, into one of the fiercest of rebels — a man at last with a purpose and a program.

This is the story that Mr. Mann tells in all its full-bodied detail. While Mr. Zinn's book is just as carefully and exhaustively researched, it lacks the bounce and the flavor of The Little Flower, something that Mr. Mann conveys so well. In his *La Guardia, A Fighter Against His Times*, Mr. Mann has produced a book that has the breadth and scope of an outstanding biographical work, and if his second volume lives up to the promise of the first, he will end by giving us as full and satisfying a biography of that incomparable figure as we are ever likely to read.

Enraptured by Maritain

THE RESPONSIBILITY OF THE ARTIST. By Jacques Maritain. Charles Scribner's Sons. 120 pp. $2.95.

Kenneth Rexroth

THIS little book is a reworking, in four short chapters, of six lectures Maritain gave at Princeton in 1951. It is also a reworking of other books — his own as well as the standard Thomists and their putative founder. As such it is a good introduction to Maritain, and to popular Neo-Thomism. Maritain is a master of the gracious tone and the lucid surface and the appearance of order. He is a fitting last representative of an old and elegant French tradition, the *salon abbé*. His American analogue is Fulton Sheen, but since we import him *outremer* he seems to the average American greatly more civilized. He isn't, this is just the illusion that foreignness gives. We are enraptured by his airs and graces and we never notice that Fulton Sheen has his own American-Irish airs and graces too. So we are misled and if we are not Roman Catholics, but worldly intellectuals, we accept M. Maritain as a philosopher, and put down Fulton Sheen as a demagogue. In this we are hardly just. When Fulton Sheen is angry about war and corruption I often find myself agreeing with him. I doubt if he is an ill-intentioned man. On the other hand, I find it difficult to convince persons easily intimidated by the "logical" lingo of Neo-Thomism that M. Maritain is not a philosopher, but a religious journalist, differing only in degree of polish from the battered Irish newspapermen who write for the local "holy paper" — the diocesan weeklies you can find on sale in the church lobby. There isn't a thing

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in the world wrong with this, I am all for civilized religious journalism, but it is well not to be confused.

This book is concerned with the thorny problems of the interrelation of the responsibilities of vocation and the responsibilities of life, man as man and man as artist, the work of art as a noble artifact and the work of art as social communication. As such it is completely orthodox. In fact, behind his ingratiating and sophisticated façade, it is the voice of the conservative party amongst the orthodox. Reading Maritain and his friends, the unchurched would never dream that there are plenty of Catholics, especially in France, who are far from being Neo-Thomists, and who, outside of dogmatic matters of faith and morals, agree with him about very, very little.

LET US quote: "Art by itself tends to the good of the work, not to the good of the man. . . . A human action is good, purely and simply good, when it is formed by reason, or measured according to reason. . . . We cannot want to be bad, we cannot want to do evil insofar as it is evil. . . . There is a primary principle in moral matters, which states that it is always bad, and always forbidden, to act against one's own conscience."

Where are we? What have the last two thousand years been for? These sentences are widely separated, but they do not misrepresent M. Maritain, and of course they land him straight in the midst of the Socratic Dilemma. And of course, it is precisely the dilemma of all Greek rationalistic ethics that Christianity, especially Pauline Christianity, attempts to solve. Men do, alas, choose evil in full knowledge of the consequences. Why? M. Maritain appeals to revelation. He ends "philosophy proper" with Aristotle's Prudent Man, "Life proportioned to the intellect is better than life proportioned to man." On this terrible sentence hang all the politics of horror, the Albigensian Crusade, the Moscow Trials. Following St. John, M. Maritain escapes: "Therefore it is in charity, when there is no longer any obstacle to its expansion in the soul, that the perfection of man consists." But why should anyone suppose that this is supernaturally revealed knowledge? It seems to me, and to the whole non-Aristotelian tradition, inside the Church and out, an eminently reasonable notion, and the sentence from Aristotle unreasonable (that is, rationalistic) nonsense of the most vicious sort.

Again, the sentence about conscience subverts the whole structure of Thomistic ethics, the sentence about art, following Plato and Aristotle, confuses art and artisanship, and so paves the way for all art for art's sake-ism. This is only the appearance of logical rigor. It is impressive, the first time around, to listen to a formal dispute in a philosophy class in a Jesuit seminary. A machine gun fire of technical Latin: "I accept your Minor but deny your Major." Once you get used to Latin as a spoken language you realize that this is a delusional scaffolding which will support the most incoherent illogicalities.

When he gets away from his foundations, especially when he is talking in evangelical terms — of his "revelation" — M. Maritain is entertaining and even illuminating. Sometimes, though, he is simply hilarious. Here, behind a buzz of lucidity, he is really talking about Galileo, the Index and the Legion of Decency: "As to possible accidents — I mean the possibility (in those cases where the infallibility of the Church is not at play) of having right ideas mistakenly opposed — such a possibility has proved for centuries to be, as a matter of fact, more often than not a stimulus for research." We can guess where M. Maritain read that — in Toynbee. Stimulus and Response. But it won't do.

The Ski Ball

CALIFORNIA WINTER SPORTS AND THE 1960 VIIIth WINTER OLYMPICS. By J. E. Carpenter. Fearon Publishers, San Francisco. $4.

Stephen Mahoney

THE Winter Olympics will be run off, starting February 18, in the hills just inside California that overlook Reno and Lake Tahoe. A trial run held in November at the Coliseum in New York was a hit. There was a prefabricated ski lodge, a prefabricated ski run and group yodeling. Recorded how-to-ski courses were for sale. (Make "progress right in your own living-room.") One of these was "designed to appeal to the conscious mind on side one and to the subconscious mind on side two. Meets the needs of busy people."

There is no doubt of it, skiing in the United States has come of age. This California Olympics makes it official. [See "Squaw Valley Snow Job"; page 138 of this issue.]

The other Winter Olympics in the United States was what first got skiing

STEPHEN MAHONEY is a graduate of Dartmouth, the original ski campus of America.

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noticed here. This spectacle was held in 1932 at Lake Placid. There were no tows or lifts in the country. Such skis as were available were imported from Norway. The films taken at Lake Placid then whipped up the enthusiasm for skiing, ice shows and Sonja Henie, of which the Olympics in California will be a result.

To an Austrian, say, very little skiing in the United States is worth while. We don't have the right mountains or snowfalls for it. That is why the American men racing this month are not up to the competition. (The American women will do better against their competition. Only very recently have European women, influenced by the American example, taken to competitive skiing.) The Austrian who won the gold medals at the Olympics four years ago in Italy (Tony Sailer, now of the movies) has swooped down the course for the downhill race at this Olympics and passed judgment: "It's not long enough, not steep enough and it's too straight."

The Austrians and Russians will take a good share of the gold at this Olympics, but the real triumph (for which the ceremonies in California will be the trophy) will be that of America over an unaccommodating nature. With showmanship, gadgetry, the mass production of equipment, and the expensive mass importing of Austrian instructors, we have transformed the sport into a national industry that (according to *Printer's Ink*, which keeps an awed eye on this new market) grosses more than a billion dollars annually — and that (according to *Ski*) annually cripples, temporarily, tens of thousands of people.

Four million Americans now ski; in five years it will be ten million. Eighty-some new lifts are going up this year. There are ski centers, each with its snow-making machines, in Virginia and North Carolina. There are ski departments in stores in Texas, there are ski clubs in Louisiana. The Austrian instructors are replaced two-for-one as fast as they are carried off by yodeling Texas oil heiresses.

WHAT a story! What a book this might have been! The site of the Olympics is a resort called Squaw Valley. (Indians once pastured their wives in the valley before going to the hills to hunt.) Twelve years ago a lawyer from Wall Street struck into the wilderness west of Reno with a pack on his back and selected a place to errect a lift. He went into business with the native who owned the land.

Before the lift was in operation, the native was outside looking in. The lawyer's press agent read an item in a newspaper and put in a bid for the 1960 Olympic Games. "It was a way of getting some newspaper space," the lawyer explained latter. But politicians got interested, a publicity machine was set up, pitchmen were hired and Mount Olympus came to the lawyer.

California, Nevada and the federal government have conveniently picked up the tab for necessary jumps, lifts, rinks, roads, a stadium, parking facilities, etc. When the Olympics are over even the native ousted by the Wall Street feller — he didn't sell all his acreage, and what he retained is now as valuable per inch as Fifth Avenue — will be a millionaire.

Mr. Carpenter schusses nimbly past this success story. Too bad. What he discusses at length — resorts, techniques — is obsolete, for the most part, since his information is a couple of years old. Planned obsolescence plays as big a part in the ski industry as in the automobile industry. Each spring, new revolutionary skiing techniques for the following winter are hacked out of the thin mountain air at ski instructors' summit meetings.

These Olympics may be expected to arouse new enthusiasm for this strenuous use of leisure. Certainly the conditions making for the growth in popularity of skiing will not change soon. Weekends, the organization man who skis is on his own, soaring. In weightless freedom, he skims, he glides. He is in perfect understanding with nature. He is what he imagines is himself.

Debate with the Rabbi

You've lost your religion, the Rabbi said.
It wasn't much to keep, said I.
You should affirm the spirit, said he,
And the communal solidarity.
I don't feel so solid, I said.

We are the people of the Book, the Rabbi said.
Not of the phone book, said I.
Ours is a great tradition, said he,
And a wonderful history.
But history's over, I said.

We Jews are creative people, the Rabbi said.
Make something, then, said I.
In science and in art, said he,
Violinists and physicists have we.
Fiddle and physic indeed, I said.

Stubborn and stiff-necked man! the Rabbi cried.
The pain you give me, said I
Instead of bowing down, said he,
You go on in your obstinacy.
We Jews are that way, I replied.

HOWARD NEMEROV

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THEATRE

Harold Clurman

SAMUEL BECKETT's *Krapp's Last Tape* and Edward Albee's *The Zoo Story* (Provincetown Playhouse) have this in common: both are studies in loneliness. Beckett's play is a sort of marginal sketch in the body of his more ambitious work; Albee's play is the introduction to what could prove to be an important talent on the American stage.

Some may consider it ironic that, whereas Beckett's far more accomplished plays — *Waiting for Godot* and *Endgame* — were generally received here with skepticism, indifference or hostility, this new rather slight piece has been greeted with considerable sympathy. One reason for this is that Beckett's reputation and the respect shown him by many European and several American critics have grown. It is no longer easy to shrug him off. A more immediate reason for the cordiality toward *Krapp's Last Tape* is that a thread of sentimentality runs through its dismal fabric. The play's "story," moreover, is simple, realistic, unelusive.

A solitary old man sits in abject poverty doing nothing but feed himself with bananas that are hoarded in drawers like precious possessions; periodically he washes the fruit down with deep draughts of alcohol. This old man was once an author. He has among the few miserable relics of his past some copies of a book he wrote, a book which sold eighteen copies at the trade rate. "Getting popular!" he mutters.

In the half light the old man listens to tapes upon which he once recorded events now long past. One of these tapes is a memory of love — set down when he was thirty-nine — an apparently sincere love which for some unexplained cause never resolved itself into anything beyond its fugitive existence. The old man, absorbed and yet impatient with himself, listens to the tape, curses and mocks himself — we are not certain why — broods, possibly regrets, suppresses a sob and subsides into what is probably an endless silence.

The atmosphere of the play is grotesque, deeply bitter and yet tender. Beckett is here with something of his sardonic mutism, his mastery of concentrated dramatic image, the determination to wring the neck of his passion. . . . The play is well acted by a young newcomer from Canada, Donald Davis.

THE ZOO STORY is flawed by improbabilities and perhaps needless notes to provoke shock or outrage — comic and horrifying by turn. Yet the play gives ample evidence of genuine feeling and an intimate knowledge of certain aspects of the contemporary scene, especially of our metropolitan area. If there were not some danger of being taken too superficially, I should say that in *The Zoo Story* certain tragic and crucial factors which have contributed to produce the "beat" generation have been brilliantly dramatized.

The young man in *The Zoo Story*, who intrudes on a respectable and modest citizen sitting on a Central Park bench, is isolated in his poverty, his self-educated ignorance, his lack of background or roots, his total estrangement from society. He has no connection with anybody, but he seeks it — in vain. When he succeeds in approaching an animal or a person, it is always through a barrier of mistrust and in a tension of disgust, fear, despair. When he breaks out of the emotional insulation of his life, it is only by a violent intrusion into the complacent quiet of the mediocre citizen on the park bench; and that unoffending bystander is then forced into effecting the mad young man's suicide. To put it another way: the derelict finally achieves a consummation of connection only through death at the unwitting and horrified hands of society's "average" representative.

This story is conveyed with rude humor — very New York — a kind of squalid eloquence and a keen intuition of the humanity in people who live among us in unnoticed or shunned wretchedness. We come not only to know the

The Banging Boards

Hoped a blues was playing
In the rattled weeds of noon;
But the tipple of that old mine,
Boards, half-boards, graying,
Creaked and corrected the tune
Of the wind's whine,

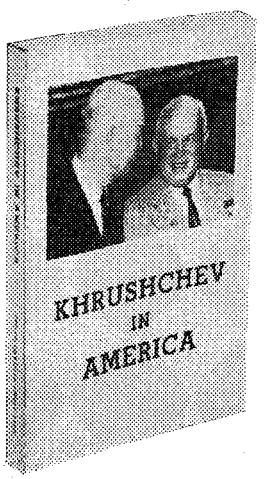
Shattered my doubtful silence
And bade my knees unhinge
With a rapid-beat dangling rave
That bet my boots their eyelets
The best jig known begins
In Echo's grave.

And, urged by such fandangos,
My heart, too, found a measure
At odds with that dying place—
Past even the hoarse bonanza
Of Ruin's inventive gusher
Quickened its pace

Until, though ragtime led me there
And ragtime was my spurning,
Past all the torments of my will
The laughter-crowned despair
Those ragtime boards were turning
Regaled me still.

Louder, louder, the thistles!
But when those tall up-ended
Slap-sticks rilled their mirth,
Down trembling six-by-sixes
Enough of death surrendered
To square this earth.

FREDERICK BOCK



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pathetic and arresting central figure as well as the astonished stranger he "victimizes," but through them both we also meet the unseen but still vivid characters of a lady janitor, a Negro homosexual neighbor, a dog and other denizens in the vicinity of both the West and East Seventies of Manhattan.

The Zoo Story interested me more than any other new American play thus far this season. I hope its author has the stuff to cope with the various impediments that usually face our promising dramatists.

The play is perfectly cast. George Maharis and William Daniels give admirable performances. Maharis, as the play's interlocutor, is truthful as well as intense. His acting is both economical and gripping. He seems possessed by all the hurts, resentment and compressed hysteria of the bewildered youth we hear so much about, but who is rarely made this real in newspaper reports, editorials, sermons or fictions.

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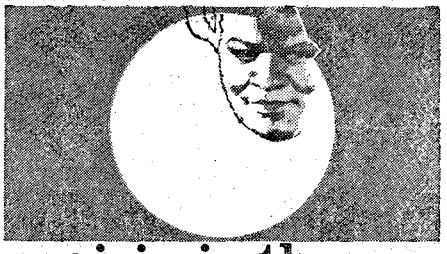

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ART

Fairfield Porter

THE Davis Gallery fosters a conscious and openly declared belief in realism and tradition in art. The most expert painter in its stable of artists, Seymour Remenick, is now exhibiting cabinet-sized landscapes, still lifes and interiors, in hand-carved frames of the best workmanship, in a setting of antiques on the ground floor of the Davis' house; all of which serves to emphasize this gallery's belief in art as an appurtenance of civilized life. Remenick's landscapes of Philadelphia illustrate those aspects — domes, spires, masonry bridges and museums — that connect the city to, say, Rome; the copper kettles, fruits and roses, the curtains screening golden or cool light, recall a nineteenth-century bohemian grace; and the interiors have a realism of the total visual effect combined with indistinguishable or unidentifiable details whose specific actuality is that of the artist's gesture more than of the natural object, recalling the drawings of Rembrandt.

The paintings do two things: first, it is as though in Remenick the nineteenth century achieved a belated success, as sailing achieved a belated success in the clipper ships, just when steam was first applied to transport; secondly, his paintings, with their apparent old-fashioned qualities, compete successfully with the most *avant-garde* painting in the terms of the *avant-garde*. Though he may not mean to do this, Remenick expresses as well as it it expressed today, the idea that the ends of painting are to be found in its means. His realism is partly a realism of reference to the objective world, but it is just as often the realism of what he has made, without reference to what it is supposed to represent. At least one of his interiors could be exhibited among non-objective paintings, where it would stand out as one of the best of them all. In this show it is only the large paintings (24 x 30 inches) that lack intensity. Though the details are usually completely identifiable as things in nature, they have less "reality" than the details in his smaller paintings; these latter may not be identifiable, but they have much more presence, and much more "color" in both the metaphorical and ordinary meaning of the word. In the large works, it is a matter of inaccurate relative variation, an unconvincing proportion of intensity to size, a difficulty, in short, about scale.

As the "line" of the Davis Gallery is that art is something that must be conserved, the "line" that dominates the Rubin Gallery downtown is, roughly, anti-art. Anti-art has often produced art — the art of the succeeding generation. And one of the artists who shows here, and has a painting in the current show, Red Grooms, has a great deal of vitality, and what he produces is alive. However, the present exhibition is strangely conservative, perhaps a little disheartened. The anti-artistic radicalism is reminiscent of German Expressionism, and it dates to the twenties. The Rubin Gallery is in a loft; on the stairs up to it is a winking red and blue light, and the exhibition is dominated by shabbiness, instead of, as Red Grooms has done, dominating it. But in spite of the present show, the Rubin Gallery is worth visiting, partly for Red Grooms, and partly because anti-art is a serious idea.

AROUND the corner on 10th Street is the Tanager Gallery, whose "line" is different from either of these. For one thing this line has not been put into verbal form. It is apparent, though, in every Tanager show. This gallery deeply respects art. The Tanager was the first cooperative gallery, and the artists who founded it believe in themselves and in what they do, without any feeling that it is necessary to rationalize.

This becomes apparent in their presentation, which is without qualification the best that can be seen among the two hundred-odd galleries of New York. Because of the way things are arranged and paintings are hung, so that each single exhibit shows to the best possible advantage, every exhibition is a pleasure as a whole, in the same way and for the same reason that the Cloisters are such a pleasure to so many New Yorkers. The Tanager Gallery is a room 14 x 28 feet; one of the 14-foot walls is all window on the street. This window and the doors divide the space into three walls of 28, 22 and 10 feet. It is a plain white room; nothing is "pushed." It has the look of a well-scrubbed farm kitchen; the most crowded shows never seem crowded; each exhibition is a work of art. The current exhibition has paintings by Irving Kriesberg, who is well known; John Button; Leatrice Rose; and two artists hitherto unknown to me, Devon Meade and Jehan Shaley. Button is a realist, the

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others non-objective; and since I started this column with the discussion of a realist, I will write of his work only. His two paintings are of a factory building in front of a huge pinkish cumulous cloud, and another of a bather with the sun behind him, coming up the beach from the sea. Button is neither conservative out of the certainty of his sophistication, like Remenick, nor is he anti-art out of competitive ambition, like many of the artists of the Rubin Gallery. Such problems do not seem to exist for him, and since he entirely ignores them, they disappear. He does not make you feel, as does Remenick, that art should follow precedent, and that he can do anything that has been done before; nor does his assertiveness take the form of a proud rejection. He is a realist, and you do not feel that comparisons with past or present traditions are relevant. Though his ability to make light shine out of the darkest shadows is hardly innocent, still, since originality is not proclaimed, the only way to regard his painting is as though here painting begins again. This attitude is, by the way, much more fruitfully anti-art than one of constantly looking over your shoulder in order to see what not to do.

MUSIC

Lester Trimble

THE Moscow State Symphony, after giving a series of all-Tschaikowsky concerts at Carnegie Hall, finally, in its last pair of programs, scheduled two works of contemporary interest (Shostakovitch's *Eleventh Symphony* and Prokofiev's *Seventh Symphony*) and broke an otherwise chauvinistic formula by programing Beethoven's *Seventh Symphony* and the Saint-Saëns *Second Piano Concerto*. The variety was not daring, but it was at least variety. Since Emil Gilels, who was scheduled to play the concerto, had impressed me on other occasions, I decided it was perhaps worth sitting through the Rachmaninoff *Second Symphony* in order to hear what he would do with Saint-Saëns. I was also curious to know what a Soviet orchestra and one of its conductors, Kiril Kondrashin, would do with the Prokofiev *Seventh*.

As it turned out, the concert was pretty dull. The Moscow State Symphony, by comparison with the major orchestras of the world, is not a first-rate instrument. With the exception of its oboists, who make some of the strangest woodwind noises I have ever heard, all the players seem good. And no non-professional orchestra could play the repertory it does, nor keep up its pace of performances. Nevertheless, a peculiar atmosphere lingers about the group; an aura of the music school. All through the evening I kept trying to repress this association, and all through the evening it kept returning. I have not encountered this kind of playing since I left the conservatory.

It is difficult to say just what makes up an atmosphere of the academy. Flaws in performance; lagging percussionists; censorable oboe sounds; or an inability of the ensemble to achieve a really climactic dynamic level, may contribute. But such lapses occur in the playing of many orchestras, and one is not automatically reminded of school days.

I suspect that the ingredients in this case are subtle and pervasive, having to do with a kind of permissiveness and fraternalism on the part of a conductor, who takes it for granted that little mistakes will happen, and scarcely seems to notice when they do. One of the fundamental differences between a conservatory orchestra and a professional one is that, from the former, nobody ever gets fired. Conductor and musicians simply go on working together, day after day, as a *gemütliche*, protected little group. Could this be the case with Soviet orchestras?

Kondrashin's approach to the Prokofiev *Seventh Symphony* and, for that matter, to everything on the program, was lyric, rather than dramatic. This was basically proper, since the *Seventh* (one of Prokofiev's weaker symphonies) inclines quite strongly to lyricism, and the Rachmaninoff does so almost entirely. But dangers are inherent in symphony performances which too completely rule out dramatization. Things tend to blur into a gentle stream of sound which finally dulls one's attention. It may all be very pretty, but since significant events along the way are not pointed up, they tend to blend into the landscape. It was my impression that the Moscow orchestra does not attempt to "project" as, in varying degrees, most other orchestras do. I cannot say whether this is a national aesthetic preference or the interpretive manner of Kiril Kondrashin. But throughout the evening, in every movement of the two symphonies, I found it required a major effort to keep my ears engaged.

In the Saint-Saëns concerto this was less of a problem, because of the physical vehemence of Emil Gilels. There was

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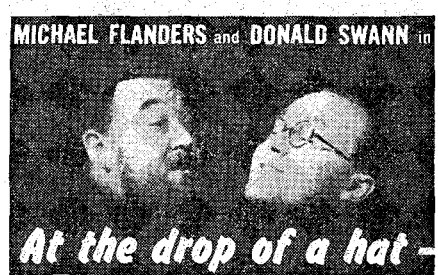

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no doubt at all that he wanted his ideas to get across the footlights. I have seldom heard such thunderous sounds come out of a Steinway. Unfortunately, after the introduction to the first movement, which was an almost hair-raising exhibition of brute force guided by intelligence, the pianist neither continued in the personalized spirit of this beginning, nor did he gain access to the gracefulness which is the concerto's prime, though fragile, asset. His tone was huge, and in an occasional passage he began to accumulate the kind of force which had marked the introduction. But this concerto will not really support a performer for very long in a demonstration of personal power. In its totality, Gilels' interpretation came off seeming only rather cold and lacking in charm. And this impression of estrangement is not at all offset by his openly hostile platform manner.

FILMS

Robert Hatch

THE CLOSEST I can come to a definition of *Our Man in Havana* is reluctant satire. Espionage, which I strongly suspect to be a whole-cloth invention of the entertainment industry, is very effectively spoofed by four very knowledgeable spoofers: Ralph Richardson, Noel Coward, Ernie Kovacs and Alec Guinness. But Graham Greene, who wrote the original story, evidently has some compunction about jumping up and down on the institution that has supported him so long and so well. He will not swing around all the way to the position that international snoopery is ludicrous and he makes a lot of unnecessary fuss about one of those morbid physicians (Burl Ives) who brood over so many of his stories. Three people (and a nice little dog) get killed in this yarn, and that is either too many or too few for burlesque. The plot is frivolously fantastic, but the bodies are awkwardly real. This is satire that never quite takes flight from the reliable earth of melodrama, and I doubt that Mr. Greene has any intention of resigning from the Buchan-Ambler club.

Still, topical wit is at a premium right now and Mr. Greene may be granted the feat of having his cake and eating it. He is wonderfully abetted by Carol Reed, who directs the picture in a fluttering succession of moods that prevents the pathos and brutality from settling down on the fun.

Notes on Russia

(*Continued from page 147*)

least *slightly* shocked by it (for instance, by Zhivago deserting the partisans: "Soviet people don't do such things!"). Nevertheless, several writers have told me that it was a mistake to prohibit the book: "They should have printed 10,000 copies, and it wouldn't have mattered a damn." That may happen yet.

There is not much scope for satire. That most brilliant and witty of all Muscovites, Sergei Obraztsov, head of the famous Puppet Theatre, continues to produce some extremely funny shows—but all of them poke fun at Hollywood, Wild West and gangster films, Paris night life and the West generally, rather than at anything Russian. Another very funny man, Arkadi Raikin, head of the Leningrad Miniature Theatre, makes exuberant fun of lower-grade, red-tape-ridden officials; thus he has a brilliant sketch in which he shows what would happen if fire brigades were to "adopt the methods of some of our government offices." It's great fun, but doesn't go very deep.

The present conformism among writers and artists is not as rigid as it was in the late forties, but Khrushchev is certainly not encouraging that "excessive" independence some writers began to show in 1955-56—an independence now identified with the venal sin of revisionism, a first cousin of Titoism. Not that writers don't produce some semi-clandestine prose or poetry (actually not very much of it), just as some painters and sculptors go in for abstractions which are quietly bought up by private collectors.

As for official painting, it is not quite as "ham" as it used to be under the Stalin-Gerasimov dictatorship, and Chinese and other Eastern influences have had a salutary effect.

Architecture (mostly four- or five-story apartment blocks) has become sober and functional under Khrushchev, and the building of "Stalin-Gothic" skyscrapers has been discontinued. The building of new apartments, by the way, is proceeding rapidly, though not as rapidly as it might; as Mr. Rodin, technical head of the Glavmosstroi, Moscow's main building organization, told me, there was still a serious lack of coordination between the actual—and highly mechanized—builders and the plumbers and electricians, with the result that a block which could be completed in four months still takes eight or nine months to finish.

The most uninhibited of the arts in Russia today is music. Brooding, experimental and sometimes plainly neurotic Dimitri Shostakovich, who was grossly ill-treated as a "formalist" back in 1948, is now loudly proclaimed by everybody as Russia's No. 1 composer—which, since the death of Prokofiev in 1953, he undoubtedly is. Last year, the Central Committee went out of its way to repudiate as "unjust" large parts of the notorious Zhdanov decree of February 10, 1948, in which all of Russia's best composers were denounced as "formalist."

PARTLY as a result of this, music is flourishing. New names are cropping up all the time—those most talked about are Paris-born (Prince) Andrei Volkonsky, Sidelnikov, Ovchinnikov, Schedrin and a few others. Much of this new Russian music is highly original and "modernist" up to a point, though it is seldom, if ever, unmelodious or anti-melodious. On the most modernist trends in Western music, Shostakovich (though no great Socialist-Realist himself) launched a violent attack recently in the *Soviet Music* magazine, warning Russian composers against having anything to do with the "sterile Schönberg tradition" and with twelve-tone music generally—which could only produce gloomy pessimistic noises, suitable perhaps to the capitalists' mood, but out of place in Soviet society. All dodecaphonic music was "a blind alley," he said, and he regretted that some young Polish composers had fallen for this technique.

In all the arts something of a war is going on between the "conservatives" and the "progressives." In music the "progressives," with Shostakovich at their head, are obviously winning (until further notice); in literature and the other arts, the "conservatives"—though no longer the absolute diehards—appear still to be the predominating influence.

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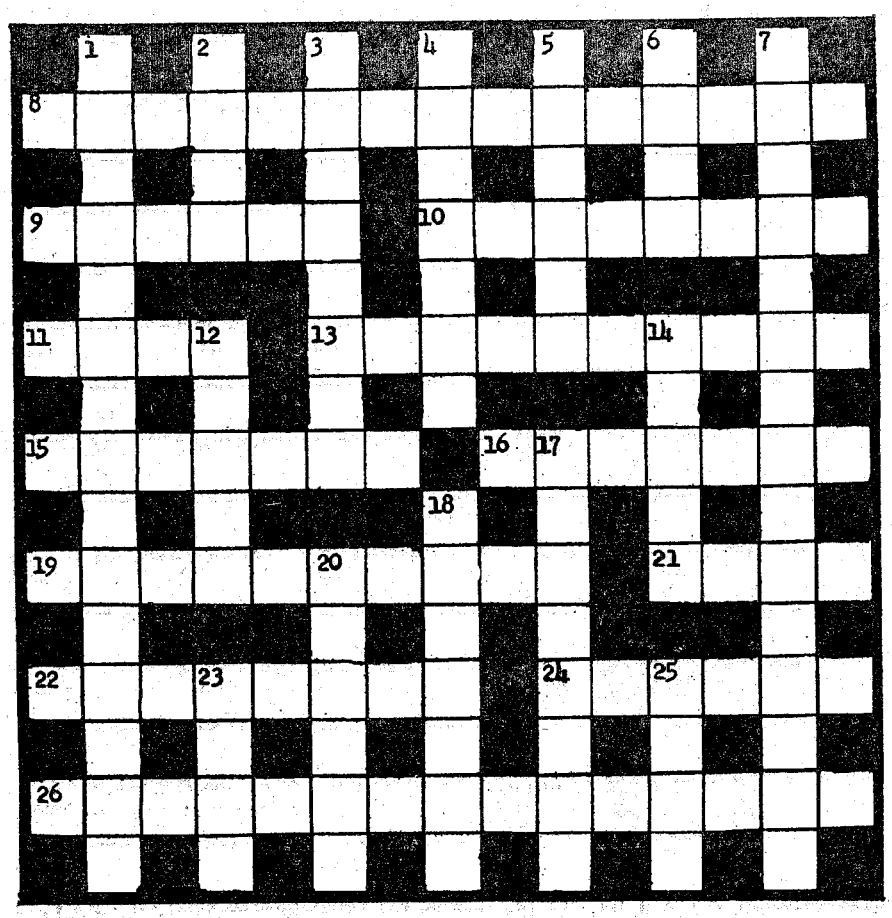
Crossword Puzzle No. 854

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

8 The rasher S. S. leaders might make for better openings this way. (5, 10)

9 A terrible finish for at least part of the race, perhaps. (6)

10 A bad man's sort of bar (with windows, probably). (8)

11 Does poetry, supposedly? (4)

13 So much for the French, when put on a horse or the equivalent! (10)

15 A snake, according to the way St. Patrick may have spoken of slander. (7)

16 This might be kept even in a broken truce. (7)

19 Her fringes might be cut in rather new and different style. (10)

21 Certainly not an urban-sounding river. (4)

22 Part of the sincere Brummel type, but standard equipment for the Thinking Man. (8)

24 The way of a very quiet Scotsman? (6)

26 At the summit, an old French Marshal might meet another officer in the cabinet. (8, 7)

DOWN:

1 Parts of a department store's manners I'd change. (15)

2 Every employer is bound to be one. (4)

3 Prepares matches, perhaps, but not against dust. (8)

4 One objected to a snail's pace, and used to make silver polish. (7)

5 and 25 All that's left of the bunch, perhaps, that might have been responsible for the slipper. (6, 4)

6 15, ere departed, like something lately remembered. (4)

7 At least part of it represents the way to a man's stomach. (10, 5)

12 The way 15, without ultimate direction, comes to the point. (5)

14 Is there nothing on the governors minds? (5)

17 Strange I shouldn't be invited to the Thanksgiving party! (8)

18 Takes the heart out. (7)

20 Hang this up, and kid this along. (6)

23 Variety of rose, according to Cupid. (4)

25 See 5 down

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 853

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